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THE MONTH

NOVEMBER 1955

COMMENT

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T. E. BUTLER

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HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

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THE MONTH

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NOVEMBER 1955

VOL. 14, No. 5

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The Month is edited from 114 Mount Street, W.1, GROsvenor 2995, and published by Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd., 6 & 7 Clifford Street, London, W.1. Subscriptions may be addressed to any bookseller, or, in Great Britain, direct to the Publishers; in U.S.A. to British Publications, Inc., 30 East 60th Street, New York 22, N.Y.; in France to W. H. Smith & Son, 248 Rue de Rivoli, Paris. The annual subscription is 32s. 6d., U.S.A. \$6.

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COMMENT

WITHIN A FEW WEEKS of the conference at Geneva the Trades Unions Congress unanimously accepted a resolution calling on the Government to take immediate steps to reduce the period of national service. Although the Government has chosen instead, as announced at the Conservative Party Conference, to reduce the size of the armed forces, its decision bears out the prescient comment of a responsible provincial newspaper that the T.U.C. were not so much initiating a policy as jumping on a bandwagon which they believed to be already under way. At the same Congress the President, Mr. C. J. Geddes, warned delegates of the Communist attempt to exploit the *détente* achieved at Geneva by infiltrating the Unions still further. The warning was timely. Already non-Communist trade unionists and shop stewards are beginning to experience the increase in the prestige of Communism flowing from decisions taken at Geneva. For, though it may betray *naïveté*, it is not altogether illogical to argue that if the highest honours are bestowed on Russian Communists guilty of some of the most abominable outrages in history, then there is no reason why positions of trust within the working-class movement at home should be denied to our relatively tame native Communists. Once Mr. Khrushchev and Marshal Bulganin are received and fêted in London, Communism will be clothed with a prestige which King Street and its allies will use not only to foment strife within our key industries, but also, and above all, to create within the Unions and the Labour Party an atmosphere which will corrode the London-Washington alliance. On this alliance Western resistance to Soviet imperialism rests.

If this is the prospect in a country as free from ideological enthusiasms as ours, it is not hard to foresee the results on the Continent. Already in Italy there are signs of a Communist-inspired effort at a *rapprochement* between the pro-Soviet Nenni Socialists and certain groups of the Left-wing democrats. Here the aim is to neutralise Italy. In France, as a preparation for the elections next year, a movement has started towards the formation of a new Popular Front held together by anti-clericalism and a chauvinism directed impartially against Germany and the

United States, and inspired by the selfishly neutralist ambition to make the Fourth Republic's hay under a Geneva sun.

In Germany the situation is different. There the obstacles confronting the Kremlin are formidable. Public opinion in Germany has so hardened against Soviet Communism that the diplomacy and subversive methods which have served Moscow so well since 1936 are ineffective. For this reason the approach of Bulganin and Khrushchev to "the German question" is so Machiavellian that in retrospect "traditional" Russian diplomacy seems honest and dove-like by comparison.

Aware that Soviet Communism is hated by the great majority of Germans, both to the east and west of the Iron Curtain, and that Dr. Adenauer's statesmanship makes impossible any immediate change of front by the Federal Republic, the Kremlin is subtly biding its time before playing its trump card—its power to veto the re-unification of Germany. Because France sabotaged the plans for a federal Europe, which met such a warm response in Western Germany, Germany today thinks in terms of German rather than European unity. And in order to harness German aspirations to the Soviet war chariot, Moscow's long term strategy is to strengthen its hold on East Germany. This it is doing, not by conciliating the present generation of East Germans—a dream shattered by the East German risings of June 1953—but by accustoming the world to think in terms of two Germanys, and by indoctrinating the younger generation against the time when it will appear reasonable to demand Communist participation in an all-German government. The octogenarian Dr. Adenauer cannot live for ever. It is Moscow's hope that when he is gone it may be possible to promote an alignment of forces which will consider Soviet proposals more favourably. Then, sooner or later, a "formula" will be found—the first step to a Berlin version of the Prague coup.

This much can be deduced from the speech broadcasted by Herr Otto Grotewohl over all East German radio stations on 27 September. He said that only by negotiations between East and West Germany could re-unification be brought about. Then he added:

We have been prepared for such negotiations, we are prepared for them, and we will always be prepared for them. . . . The realistic situation in Germany today is that two German states are in existence. East Germany now has trade relations with more than a hundred

countries, including twenty capitalist countries. It is a matter of course that more countries will now establish diplomatic relations with us.

The danger was foreseen by the able American journalist, William Henry Chamberlin. Writing in the *New Leader* on 22 August, he warned readers that "the Soviet invitation to Adenauer to go to Moscow will be revealed as a trap, a cunning device to obtain *toleration* from the Federal Republic for this anomalous state of 'two Germanys.'" And he continued: "There would probably have been less temptation on the German side to walk into this trap if Geneva had not been so dominated by the 'let's be friends and call off the cold war' atmosphere."

Moreover, the establishment of diplomatic relations between Moscow and the Federal Republic means that henceforth there will be a fully staffed Soviet Embassy in Bonn, working to establish the kind of political combination necessary for the success of Russian plans. This must not be forgotten. Many of the "heroes of 20 July" 1944 desired a negotiated peace, not with London, but with Moscow. The Bismarckian school of thought, which favours German-Slav solidarity, is still strong. A liaison between the Bismarckian Right and the Socialists in favour of an alliance with Moscow is still possible. It is possible also that Moscow may have several sympathisers within the Bonn administration. The Russian spy, Dr. Otto John, at one time the agent of Admiral Canaris and later employed by H.M. Intelligence Service—under the direction of Burgess, according to well-informed European opinion—was imposed on Dr. Adenauer as Chief of Security by the British High Commissioner.

One thing is certain. Moscow will try every means to achieve its aims in Germany. The Russians know that "the German question" will ultimately determine the future of Europe. In 1945 West Germany was in chaos, its cities in ruins, its scanty resources placed under the additional strain of having to provide for twelve million refugees from the east. But as a result of the prodigious energy of its dynamic people and the exceptionally enlightened administration of Dr. Adenauer, the world has seen "the German miracle" establish the Federal Republic as one of the major powers in Europe. It has an expanding population of fifty millions. Its estimated steel output for this year is 20·6 million tons, roughly double that of France and only 3·4 million tons short of the pre-war output of all Germany. Its prestige in the eyes of all Germans continues to grow daily. The Deutschmark is already

more valuable than the Swiss franc. The economic and moral strength of the Federal Republic is recognised by the rest of the world. If civilisation is to be defended, the resources of Western Germany must not fall under Soviet control.

On the other hand, all Germany can be re-united under the present leadership of Bonn: indeed it is not impossible for the Western Powers to force Moscow's hand, while Khrushchev and Bulganin, still unsure of their own power, have to contend with an unprecedented ferment within the Soviet Empire. If this happened, then it would be impossible for Russia to retain control of Poland, Czechoslovakia and eastern Europe. The entire relationship of forces would be changed. Russia would still be a colossus, but she would no longer bestride Europe. A Germany thus re-united would affect morale within the "peoples' republics" and it would become inexpedient for Moscow not to retreat, as gracefully as possible, behind her 1939 frontiers.

In 1943, when Great Britain and America no less than Russia were united in their determination to destroy Germany, the Spanish Foreign Secretary declared in a note to the British Ambassador in Madrid: "Germany is the only existing force in the centre of Europe capable of containing and even destroying Communism. . . . If Germany did not exist, Europeans would have to invent her." Until the truth of that statement is appreciated in Europe, Moscow will keep the initiative.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO

By

T. E. BUTLER

THE SUPREME TRAGEDY of contemporary France, which continues to be the foremost missionary country in the world, is the activity of Catholic intellectuals and journalists, both clerical and lay, whose main concern appears to be the under-

mining of resistance to Soviet Communism. It is mercifully difficult for us in this country to imagine what the situation would be like were *The Times* merely a bourgeois edition of the *Daily Worker*, and the *Universe*, the *Christian Democrat*, *The Word* and the *Catholic Worker* dedicated to a policy of collaboration with, or non-resistance to, Soviet Communism. Yet, in maintaining that a comparable situation actually exists in France now, Jean Madiran¹ is saying nothing that is likely to surprise, let alone shock, anyone conversant with the problems confronting apostolic Catholics across the Channel. Several chapters of this book appeared as articles in *Écrits de Paris* during 1954. As no reply has been made (let alone a libel suit initiated) by the people whom M. Madiran castigates as "pro-Soviet," it is reasonable to assume that the book is no over-statement of the case against those *progressistes* who now wield such a disproportionate influence within French Catholic circles.

British Catholics may realise the difficulties confronting French Catholics who are loyal to the Holy See from the fact that *L'Étoile contre la Croix*, the document written by 150 Chinese missionaries,² was the victim of a conspiracy of silence on the part of the French Catholic journals with the largest circulation. Nor have these French missionaries who were victims of the Chinese Communists themselves fared better than their collective evidence concerning the reality of life in Red China. *La Vie Intellectuelle* pooh-poohed them as having "no religious education"; *Témoignage Chrétien* accused them of giving way to "mediocre demagogic gymnastics"; *Le Monde* (*The Times* of the Fourth Republic) denounced them as "blinded by a systematic anti-Communism"; and, not to be outdone, *Esprit*, the review founded by Emmanuel Mounier, declared that what they had to say was "disagreeable to the ear of a free creature of the good God."

The voice of the Holy See seems to mean little or nothing to these twentieth-century Gallicans. For example, in February 1952, when Pius XII received a bishop expelled from China, he gave him the formal instruction: "You have the duty to enlighten

¹ *Ils ne savent pas ce qu'ils font*, by Jean Madiran (Nouvelles Éditions Latines, 1 Rue Palatine, Paris VI, 75).

² An English translation entitled *Red Star Versus The Cross* was published last year by the Paternoster Press.

Catholic opinion by speaking the truth concerning the reality and extent of the present religious persecution in China." Alas, the French Catholic press gave the expelled missionaries little or no encouragement to fulfil the duty imposed upon them by Rome. When a French Catholic daily refused to publish an article on the expulsion of the Papal Internuncio, His Excellency Monsignor Riberi, the official *Bulletin des Missions étrangères de Paris* felt compelled to issue a protest, asking the pertinent question: "Where, then, is the concern to educate and enlighten Catholic opinion concerning Communist persecution?" Little wonder that in the same *Bulletin des Missions* we read the tragic complaint: "On leaving the 'Red paradise' the Chinese missionary is not a little surprised at some of the articles in Catholic newspapers and reviews."

Jean Madiran's book also gives a valuable description of the technique by which the Communists sought out each *prêtre-ouvrier* and organised around him a completely artificial *milieu*. This explains why the majority of the *prêtres-ouvriers* were to be found neither in the Christian nor in the independent trade unions; for the Party delegated its most reliable and fully indoctrinated members to receive and welcome the *prêtre-ouvrier*, to be his first contacts, his best comrades, and to lead him, in conformity with Party instructions, into the Communist-dominated unions affiliated to the Confédération Générale du Travail. Thus ensnared, it was difficult for the ordinary *prêtre-ouvrier* to realise that his immediate contacts were far from typical of the French working-class as a whole. Indeed, as the author shows, the ordinary French workers have been deserting the C.G.T. by the million. In seven years the C.G.T. has lost more than two-thirds of its membership. In 1947 it had a membership of seven millions; now, according even to Communist figures (presumably inflated) it has no more than two millions. This reflects the maturity rather than the backwardness of the French workers, in that they have deliberately abandoned the C.G.T. for the simple reason that they realised it did not give expression to their aspirations. But the average *prêtre-ouvrier*, "surrounded, besieged and literally roomed in by avowed or secret members of the Party . . . lived in an artificial cell of society specially prefabricated to ensure his isolation"; as often as not he was deceived into "taking that which he saw around

him for an actual representation of ordinary working-class life," when in fact it was no more than a little world specially devised for his undoing.

M. Madiran also throws much light on contemporary French politics. He shows that ever since 1951, the year which saw the passing of the Barangé law granting certain financial benefits to the parents of children attending Catholic schools, Christian Democratic politicians who had been previously rather far to the Left have shown an increasing tendency to resist Communist influence and to re-establish contact with Catholics outside the M.R.P. Because of this, particularly since 1953, anti-Christian materialists, Communists, Socialists and Radicals, have "ganged up" against them, not only in parliament, but also throughout the country. This, of course, is entirely comprehensible. What is more difficult to understand is the support given to this patently materialist and anti-clerical offensive against M.R.P. by those priests, writers and publicists associated with *Témoignage Chrétien* and *La Vie Intellectuelle* who, when M.R.P. was near-Jacobin, were foremost in urging Catholics to join its ranks. In drawing the attention of Catholic Europe to this extremely questionable manoeuvring on the part of those whom M. Mauriac so proudly terms the *catholiques de gauche* Jean Madiran has performed an extremely useful service.

A CONVERT EXPLAINS

By

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON

ON 11 NOVEMBER, 1841, John Henry Newman made his famous protest over the Jerusalem bishopric:

Whereas the Church of England has a claim on the allegiance of Catholic believers only on the ground of her own claim to be considered a branch of the Catholic Church:

And whereas the recognition of heresy, indirect as well as direct,

goes far to destroy such claim in the case of any religious body advancing it:

And whereas to admit maintainers of heresy to communion without formal renunciation of their errors, goes far towards recognising the same:

And whereas Lutheranism and Calvinism are heresies, repugnant to Scripture, springing up three centuries since, and anathematised by East as well as by West:

And whereas it is reported that the Most Reverend Primate and other Right Reverend Rulers of our Church have consecrated a Bishop with a view to exercising spiritual jurisdiction over Protestant, that is, Lutheran and Calvinist, congregations in the East . . . dispensing at the same time, not in particular cases and accidentally, but as if on principle and universally, with any abjuration of error on the part of such congregations, and without any reconciliation to the Church on the part of the presiding Bishop; thereby giving some sort of formal recognition to the doctrines which such congregations maintain:

And whereas the dioceses in England are connected together by so close an intercommunion that what is done by authority in one, immediately affects the rest:

On these grounds, I in my place, being a priest of the English Church and Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin's, Oxford, by way of relieving my conscience, do hereby solemnly protest against the measure aforesaid, and disown it, as removing our Church from her present ground and tending to her disorganisation.

In his *Apologia*, Newman added the comment: "As to the project of a Jerusalem bishopric, I never heard of any good or harm it has ever done, except what it has done for me; which many think a great misfortune and I one of the greatest of mercies. It brought me on to the beginning of the end."

I have quoted this because, *mutatis mutandis*, it could stand as the statement of all those Anglican clergy who, like myself, have been and will be forced by the Convocations' decree recognising the validity of the Orders of the "Church of South India" to follow Newman. The Jerusalem bishopric was, in itself, almost irrelevant; it was a flash of light revealing the essential Protestantism of the Church of England. The bishopric lasted only for the lifetime of three bishops and is now forgotten. The "Church of South India" has the same irrelevance, the same potentialities of enlightenment and about the same expectation of life.

Those of us who had had to take the Jerusalem bishopric affair into account when discussing Anglican Orders could dismiss it as a deplorable by-product of State policy imposed on an Erastian Church and, consequently, as not really touching Catholic Order. As we had swallowed Henry VIII and Cranmer, there was really no point in straining at Queen Victoria and Howley. But the "Church of South India" cannot be thus dismissed. Here there is no question of State intervention or the unfortunate necessities of the Establishment. The terms are strictly ecclesiastical and theological. All the Bishops of the Church of England, sitting officially in the Upper Houses of the Convocations of Canterbury and York, have with no dissentient voice enacted that the Orders of the "Church of South India" are as valid as their own. That is to say, *for the first time in history*, the Anglican episcopate has of its own volition defined what it means by Holy Order.

And what exactly does it mean? The "Church of South India," an amalgam of Anglicans and Dissenters, officially excludes:

(a) unequivocal adherence to Christian doctrine by the pronouncement, with regard to the Creeds, that it "does not intend to demand the assent of individuals to every word and phrase in them." On this point, the C.S.I. has also officially stated that "as this note formed part of the Basis of Union . . . no alteration is now possible."

(b) belief in Catholic sacramental doctrine, by insisting that C.S.I. remains in perpetuity in communion with Nonconformist bodies whose *raison d'être* is a denial of Catholic sacramental doctrine. This denial is reinforced by the fact that in a considerable number of C.S.I. churches, wine is not used at Holy Communion (presumably as a concession to teetotallers) so that, by defect of matter, there can be no valid Communion in any case.

(c) belief in Catholic Orders, since C.S.I. is not only not committed to "any particular view or belief concerning Orders" but, in its *Constitutions* it insists that it rules out "the acceptance of any particular interpretation of episcopacy" and enacts that "no such particular interpretation shall be demanded from any minister or member."

What possible theory of Orders, in the Catholic sense, can apply to such a body, denying the full Christian faith, denying the sacraments, denying the priesthood and denying the Apostolic Ministry? It is a *reductio ad absurdum* without parallel in Christian history that a "Bishop" who is officially not allowed to believe that he is a bishop should ordain a "Presbyter" who is officially not allowed to believe that he is a priest to administer a "sacrament" which he is officially not allowed to believe is a sacrament in the One Holy Catholic Apostolic Church in which he is officially allowed *not* to believe.

Yet the Anglican Episcopate has said not only that it *has* bestowed valid orders on this body, but also that those C.S.I. orders are now equivalent to its own. By so doing, it has explained the meaning it attaches to the Ordinal of the Book of Common Prayer and so defined the intention of the Anglican ordination rite in an indubitably heretical sense.

Until 5 July, 1955, I, in common with every other Anglo-Catholic priest, was content to rest on the argument that the Preface to the Ordinal of 1552—the low-water ebb of Protestantism—could be (because there was no expressed intention otherwise) interpreted in the Catholic sense. It allowed us to hold—so we said—that if St. Peter was a sacrificing priest, the late Bishop Barnes, whatever his private views, was a sacrificing priest.

That argument is now impossible, for, on 5 July, 1955, the whole Anglican episcopate officially attached to the rite a specific meaning which destroys every vestige of orthodox intention.

For myself, preaching on 6 July, I said that "yesterday the Church of England, as we have known it, came to an end." Since that day the body which still calls itself the Church of England is, in fact, only the English branch of the undenominational "Church of South India," and in leaving it I cannot feel that I am deserting the body in which I was ordained priest twelve years ago in the belief that it was "a branch of the Catholic Church." There is no such body left to desert. And with gratitude for the light I see at last that the One Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church into which I, in common with all Christians, was baptised and in which I have, in the Creed, regularly professed my belief is what St. John Fisher called "Christ's Catholic known church," the Church of Rome.

WHY I CONFESSED

By

F. X. LEGRAND

SHANGHAI, the largest city in China, with its population of over 5,000,000 inhabitants, fell to the Communists almost without fighting at the end of May 1949, barely a month after the capture of Nanking. This occupation meant the virtual conquest of the country.

The Communists were now in a position not only to take vengeance on all those who had worked against them but also to suppress any form of opposition; and to this end they proceeded cleverly and gradually. Public opinion was at once reassured: there would be no reprisals and, in exchange for help in the rebuilding of the new China, political pardon would be granted to all those known for their anti-Communist activities. The Government made it clear that it sought out only the die-hard "reactionaries." No mass arrests took place at this period.

Soon, however, several propaganda campaigns directed against the opposition were launched by the Government; the opposition found itself styled "reactionary," "anti-revolutionary" or "imperialist," and accused of being the lackeys of Chiang Kai-shek and the foreigners. These campaigns instigated in the name of patriotism were further intensified during the Korean war. Finally, after a year of violent propaganda, the Government decreed the registration of all former members of the, now abolished, nationalist party. The Government guaranteed their security, adding that refusal to comply with this order would be regarded as further proof of their reactionary attitude and would call for grave sanctions. Put in a serious dilemma, most of these people felt it safer, in the end, to register. All went well until the end of April 1951 when, after almost two years of occupation, Shanghai and the whole of China was swept by a wave of mass arrests.

That day, and the following two or three days, saw bus loads of people, standing with hands tied behind their backs, pass in grim procession through the streets of the large towns. In Shanghai

alone, in one single day, a friend of mine counted during his office hours more than forty of these bus loads on the Nanking road. More than 20,000 people were reported arrested in Shanghai, but the number may have been greater. The prisons were crowded. The proceedings lasted about two months and at the end of June the newspapers published entire pages with the lists of those convicted; more than half were sentenced to death or to life-long detention. Every day the buses carried their victims to the fields where the firing squads were kept busy.

All those unfavourably disposed towards the new Government and withholding their support were accused of collusion with imperialism. The Church because of its condemnation of Communism was looked upon as a reactionary power and was attacked in its turn. But in Shanghai during the first year of the occupation the Church was left alone; for the new Government's first aim was to secure control of all public administration.

In the autumn of 1950, however, the Government launched a big campaign intended to deliver the Churches into its hands for the furtherance of its own purposes. It represented this campaign as arising from the Christians' own desire for liberation from all foreign enterprise. This was the campaign of the three independencies: freedom in the administration and directorship; freedom in the choice of their staff, and thirdly, financial freedom. In the name of these independencies all contact with Rome must be severed and a National Church established.

As chief targets for their attacks the Communists chose those priests and laymen most conspicuous for Catholic orthodoxy and especially for allegiance to the Pope. Thus the Internuncio was to be expelled, and the Legion of Mary, well known for their religious fervour and apostolic zeal, were destined to be the first victims.

In the hope of finding a basis for understanding with the new Government the Internuncio had remained in Nanking, but he was soon to be accused of interference in the internal affairs of China. Through the whole country a dreadful coercion was brought to bear upon all the faithful, forcing them to sign petitions requesting his withdrawal. The Government wished the Pope's representative to leave China with a mark of infamy: expelled as imperialist by the faithful themselves and disowned by the Church of China.

The persecution was inspired by the well-known revolutionary principle; to strike at the head; to attack the main sources of influence. Hence the swift attack on the Central Catholic Office of Shanghai. This office is dependent on the Chinese bishops and still more on the Internuncio. It is a central organisation entrusted with the promotion and diffusion of all apostolic work for the whole of China, besides being the head office for the Legion of Mary. There is gathered and studied all information relating to the religious situation throughout the Chinese dioceses. Information, analysis of situations, and directives are published in a weekly letter as well as in two monthly reviews intended for the missionaries and the Chinese priests throughout China. I was chiefly responsible for these publications. Besides these periodicals with a predominantly clerical circulation we also published several pamphlets and tracts for the benefit of the faithful, and even the non-believers, to define for them the attitude adopted by the Church in the face of the campaign of the three freedoms. The activity of this central office was a definite hindrance to the campaign's chief objective, the destruction of the Church by its own flock. It was therefore no surprise to us to receive the order on 6 June 1951 to cease forthwith all our activities and hold ourselves at the disposal of the police. Three months later, the day of the expulsion of the Internuncio, the two Chinese priests, Fr. McGrath, director of the Legion of Mary, and myself were arrested; before long several other members of our staff were to join us in prison.

The Government's aims, manifested throughout my trial as in the trials of all other influential priests and Christians, were five: (1) To prevent all activity by the opponents of the campaign of the three freedoms, (2) to destroy their influence by discrediting them and convicting them of political activities or common law offences, (3) to justify the measures taken against them by a Government professing to respect freedom of worship, (4) to study the position of the Catholic Church in China, its organisation, its centres of influence and the means adopted by the Church in the fight against Communism; and thus to find means to subjugate and use her, and (5) to find new weapons to break the resistance of priest and faithful.

Before our arrest the police affixed a seal on all our belongings; every paper in our possession had been carefully examined and studied for evidence of political activity. I had, however, always

kept aloof from politics and had seldom had any dealings with members of the Government. All my action against Communism and the Government-inspired campaign had been public and was concretely expressed in the articles I had published, some of which stigmatised in plain language the violations of freedom of worship and of the most elementary human rights. Amongst these articles one appeared in a pamphlet under the title "The arrival of Communism in a Chinese Village."¹

I must record the fact that when I first arrived in Mongolia I had found our mission in Siwantse at the mercy of lawless hordes of bandits who for many years had been roaming the countryside, robbing and ransacking the isolated hamlets. The unfortified villages were frequently held to ransom and plundered; sometimes the unfortunate inhabitants were tortured or taken as hostages. The population suffered greatly; the poorer villages, unable to build themselves any defences or even to buy a few rifles, fell into ruins. The Government in those days encouraged the peasants to fortify their villages and allowed the purchase of rifles providing they were duly declared. Our Christian villages did as their neighbours.

Considering this to be a social work of the greatest importance to the well-being, spiritual and material, of the population who lived in constant fear of these hordes, the missionaries helped some of the poorer villages to erect fortifications and purchase arms. The large churches themselves were surrounded by fortifications and within these walls Christians and pagans alike found shelter. This help and this protection earned for the mission the respect and gratitude of the whole population. I helped my own flock to protect itself. The village of Pisouki, for instance, where I lived for several years, was surrounded by a double wall; an outer (not very efficient) wall enclosed the entire village; the inner wall, much higher and flanked with watch towers, surrounded the mission buildings. Inside these walls the inhabitants found refuge when danger threatened. The guns were kept there safe from any surprise attack. It was this latter fact the Communists were going to try to use against me.

During the first months of my captivity—till January 1951—my questioning dealt almost exclusively with my activities at the Central Catholic Office and our stand against the three indepen-

¹ Scheut edition.

dencies campaign. They manacled me once or twice and kept me standing for hours on end, but used no other form of ill-treatment. The discipline was harsh—always sitting on the floor against a wall without ever being allowed to move, to speak, to cough or even to close one's eyes. Always kept awake and in this complete immobility, so as to be haunted night and day by your trial and have only one desire—to escape this ordeal. A constant mental pressure was brought to bear upon us by the judges and the wardens in an effort to bring us to confess our crimes and to denounce our friends. A constant endeavour, month after long month, to weary our nerves, to make us lose our self-control, to sap our resistance.

I bore it fairly well, defending myself step by step, minute by minute. My questioning took place daily, except Sundays, generally from 8.30 a.m. to noon, and in the afternoon from 1.30 to five o'clock. This lasted nearly six months with two breaks of a month and a month and a half respectively. During this period I have no recollection of having ever confessed or wittingly uttered words the Communists could make use of against the Church or my brethren, my flock or the sacerdotal dignity. All this was of little use to my judges—how could they justify themselves in the eyes of their Government and the party? Something else had to be found. They searched far into my past in the hope of bringing to light facts which might offer some justification for their action against me and debase me in the eyes of public opinion in China and abroad. They decided on the charges of murder and spying and determined to obtain my confession at all costs. I thought at first that this charge of murder was a piece of pure invention by the judges, but now, as I survey my interrogation in retrospect, I suspect them of having obtained, from Mongolia, information against me or my flock charging us, if not with the murder imputed to me, at least with the incidents leading up to homicide. Surprising as it may sound, Communist methods make the procuring of such fabricated charges almost routine work.

When the Communists launch a campaign against the "reactionaries" chosen as symbols of the old order, and destined targets of the people's wrath, they will frame the most unbelievable and devilish charges. The accused has no right to refute the accusations because they are brought by the "masses" and are therefore beyond dispute. In a large village in Mongolia I have

myself witnessed one of these popular trials with its long psychological preparation—propaganda, instigation, pressure and threats. It is impossible to conceive anything more iniquitous, anything more contrary to every idea of justice. It matters little if some charges are utterly baseless. They are easily obtained from personal enemies looking for revenge or else from people who, finding themselves or their families directly threatened, seek to buy protection.

It is quite probable that they adopted this technique in my old mission at Pisouki, where from 1932 to 1938 I had had great influence. Was it to be wondered at if someone had denounced me or one of my flock and alleged the killing of one or more people? But in any case my judges must have known perfectly well the complete lack of juridical value of the charges brought against me. True, however, to their usual procedure, they sought first to drive me to self-accusation!

They asked me what conflicts I had had during my first years at the mission (some twenty years ago) with the Government and the people. At first I was not aware that this was an indictment of a special type and that they were determined to force my confession. I replied that I had never had any conflicts. I was then asked about the villages surrounding Pisouki: did I know many? This was to see if I would mention the village where I was supposed to have murdered an inhabitant. Without quite realising what lay behind the questions, I started to enumerate the names of the villages I could remember, amongst which I gave the name of one of the two villages mentioned in the prefabricated indictment. They mentioned the name of the second, but it was unknown to me. I was next asked if we possessed any guns at Pisouki, their number, and whether they had been declared. I answered these questions to the best of my recollection as I saw nothing wrong in supplying this harmless information. They then asked me if I could shoot and if I sometimes used a gun? I replied that, when travelling across the plain where I generally encountered herds of antelopes, I always took a gun, and if I saw an antelope I shot it. Then followed an insidious question: who in the village belonged to the civic guard and who carried weapons in case of necessity? Gradually I sensed that this gun business held some evil meaning and I feared to implicate the inhabitants of Pisouki. On the other hand, how was I to justify my refusal to answer without arousing

their suspicion? I answered truthfully that the whole population was responsible and that in case of alarm the young men familiar with firearms took over the guns.

The question about the guns not having yielded the hoped-for results, they asked me next about the raids carried out by the hordes of brigands overrunning the country at that period, their frequency, the importance of the bands, the names of the chiefs, the dates at which they had attacked the neighbouring villages. They had apparently been told that the murder with which I was charged had taken place during one of these raids in the autumn of 1937. This attack had actually taken place: an armed gang, about thirty strong, had been sighted that day some miles from our village of Pisouki which dominated the plain. We had observed them cross the plain, approach the village lying some miles to the east of ours, and make camp for the night; not, however, before having sent out demands to all the neighbouring villages except ours—which was better fortified and larger—for money, food and other necessities. A village that refused was shot at.

Still ignorant as to my judges' intentions, I told them this story in detail. They asked me then: "At Pisouki did you fire at the brigands?" I replied: "No, because we had not been attacked." "But were your guns not ready?" I was unable to answer this question because I had forgotten. I suppose we had not produced the guns because our village did not feel itself endangered; the brigands had not even held us to ransom as they had the neighbouring villages. The judges tried by all means to make me admit that we had in fact taken out the guns. I kept on repeating that I could neither confirm nor deny this point as I was quite unable to remember. Realising then that they could obtain nothing from me, they came out into the open and revealed that I stood accused by "the people" of having killed a woman belonging to a neighbouring village who had sought shelter at Pisouki during this raid. The woman, my judges affirmed, had been seriously injured by us; the family had brought her to me for first-aid; she died the same day. The parents had then left the body in our courtyard, threatening to prosecute me; I had been forced to pay for the coffin and the burial and to indemnify the family.

So this had been their aim all along! To force me to confess to this trumped-up murder charge! There was not a word of truth in the whole fantastic story. I denied the charge vigorously. I

believed that once they found the charge to be false they would drop the matter, not realising that they intended to get a confession out of me at all costs. My astonishment, therefore, was great when, after the usual adjournment of the court at about five o'clock, I was not taken back to my cell but allowed instead to sit down for about ten minutes to eat my rice ration, which had been brought to the courtroom for me. My meal over, my guards forced me to stand again. The judges returned after barely an hour's interval.

From that moment my interrogations followed one another for six days and six nights with only occasional respites of an hour or two. My judges were brutish, irascible, threatening, claiming to possess ways and means to tear from me the sheep's clothing under which I was masquerading to cover my crimes against the Chinese people. I had come to China, I was told, under the pretence of religion, yet I fired at the defenceless Chinese as at antelopes. I lost my temper and protested vigorously against such iniquitous allegations. "I love the Chinese people with all my heart. I have always endeavoured to work for their well-being; for them I chose to remain in China running grave risks. I am ready to give my life for them. How dare you say such things!" My reaction only increased their anger, and I can still see the congested face of the chief judge flinging insult after insult at me, accusing me of coming to China only to arm the population. "What would you say," he asked, "if we did likewise in your country?" I replied that should the Belgian people be faced with the same trouble, I would thank him whole-heartedly for helping in the defence against the bandits. If I had ever been presented with the opportunity truly to help the Chinese peasants, it was in those tragic days when, left at the mercy of those plundering hordes, their life was a nightmare. How many women and children had not died of cold and disease, fleeing, through bitterly cold winter nights with the temperature well below twenty degrees of frost, to seek refuge in the mountains? How could I remain unmoved by their sufferings or refuse to relieve their misery? In doing so, moreover, had I not run grave personal risks? Taken prisoner by the bandits, I owed my life only to a fortunate escape. But my energetic defence only meant more trouble for me—the judge ordered the manacles and chains to be brought; my arms were pinned back and my wrists tightly manacled.

The interrogations continued, interrupted only by threats and

brutalities. Sometimes the judges' voices and manner changed abruptly, becoming gentle, full of friendly, almost paternal, exhortations and promises of release. Then they would try to instil fear and anguish: I was alone, quite forgotten by all, cornered. Then again they would put me at my ease by pretending to bring help, sympathy and the comfort I sorely needed. This forcing of the mind, already overtired, to cope with lightning changes of mood, upsets the strongest mental balance. All the time they insist that nothing will prevent them from obtaining your confession: they have all the means needed to achieve this end.

If, hearing this, the prisoner asks himself if all this anguish and suffering is not in vain; if he lets himself be convinced that all resistance is useless, as they will wrench a confession from him in the end—then he is lost.

Before the interrogation the judges agree about the questions and tactics to be adopted for the next session; after it, the reactions and answers of the prisoner are carefully studied. During the sitting the judges communicate by means of little pencilled notes. Twice I was able to read one of the scraps of paper left lying about on the table. On one I read, "Don't question on this matter now," on the other, "Let's increase the pressure." Usually there are two or three judges and each speaks in turn: whilst one questions, the others listen. As soon as one has finished another comes to the attack, and thus relieving one another they spare themselves the strain. The questioners are often changed from one session to the next. The prisoner tries hard to keep his wits about him, to detect the snares set for him, weighing carefully every answer he gives; fully aware that one word too many, one clumsy expression, will be immediately seized and used to the injury of himself or his companions. He tries to face all this. It is easy to slip, to say the wrong word—the wrong word that you cannot recall. The poor prisoner, every nerve strained, his mind harassed, struggles desperately in the unequal battle. He longs for friendly advice—but he is alone, always alone, facing these men, cunning, perspicacious, full of hatred for the victim they are resolved to subjugate. The strain can be guessed. As the interrogations continue almost without respite, one loses the notion of time and date, one hardly knows night from day. At certain moments, especially in the small hours of the morning, sleep overwhelms you; your eyes close in spite of all your efforts. But your guards are ever watchful

—the muzzle of rifle or pistol always pointing at you—and as soon as your eyes close they shout, push you about and force you to stand straight, feet well together, head held high, your eyes towards your judges. Not a hope for the slightest relief—no leaning against the wall, no holding of your hands, no changing of the position of your feet—nothing.

Standing night and day on end without respite tells on the legs; the joints ache and the feet swell. It was in vain that I begged to be allowed to sit down. One of the judges, a little more human than the rest, granted me, two or three times, a few moments to rest; but as soon as this was noticed by the others I was at once ordered up again. My feet became so swollen that I could no longer endure my shoes, which I attempted to remove. This was unfortunately noticed by one of the guards who threatened to hit my feet with the butt of his rifle and forced me to put my shoes on again; it was a lengthy and painful business. I had so often longed to be able to fall into a faint—alas, this only happened once in October 1951, after a questioning lasting four hours non-stop. I was eating less in the hope of fainting, but nothing worked; I stood up to it all. I suppose it was mainly due to nervous strain.

The judges did not confine their questioning to the so-called Pisouki murder but touched several other subjects whilst frequently referring back to the first. They never ceased to reaffirm their determination to obtain my confession.

Struck by their persistence I begged them, with tears in my eyes, to send, at my expense, one of their men to Pisouki to conduct an inquiry on the spot. They pretended to accept, then refused, threatening to send me instead, to stand public trial by the "people" of Pisouki. I would not be allowed to open my mouth. This method is often used to impress the crowds when dealing with landowners and "reactionaries"; it is not unusual during these popular trials for the victim to be clubbed and massacred without pity. My judges alluded to the cruelty of this procedure. "It is so ghastly," they said, "that not even you could bear it." I realised then that they were ready to use all means, however foul, to force my confession. Over and over again I was told that all the charges against me had been checked very carefully and that the body had been exhumed. Was this not irrefutable proof? Nothing would be gained by more denials.

My stubbornness infuriated them. "Do you pretend," they said,

"that the Government is lying? That all of us here are liars too? You despise us and insult our Government—this we cannot allow!" And here I made my first mistake. Impressed by their threats, I dared not repeat my denials, as they were looked upon as insults to the Government. So I adopted a new line of approach: "I have absolutely no recollection of this ever happening. Would it be possible for anyone to forget such a frightful action?" By this blunder I weakened my position and they lost no time in pressing home their advantage. "How could you not remember what you have done yourself?" This sentence was to be repeated over and over and over again with unrelenting patience.

As no confession was forthcoming, they decided to force my hand. That afternoon I was taken into a new room, my guards mocking me and concerting plans for my discomfiture. This room had a thick, black, padded curtain across the window, and one of the walls showed an opening into some kind of shed. I tried to look through this opening but was at once roughly pushed away. A quarter of an hour later the judge reappeared and enquired if I had decided to talk or not. I must not believe, he warned me, that the Communists would not use torture if need be; they possessed all the necessary instruments. As I was stubborn, perhaps I would hold out a little longer, but in the end, just as all the others had done, I too would confess. I felt shaken. In fact, I thought I had heard some muffled groans coming from the next room, as if someone was being tortured. My turn would come next. For a long time, refusing to answer any questions, I thought hard; then making a decision—come what may—I denied, once again. The judge warned me I would regret my stubbornness.

During the night the youngest of my judges—he may have been twenty—pretended to show some sympathy towards me: "See how you suffer—always standing—always questioned—always kept awake—and worse yet to come—this is only the beginning! And who knows how long it may last? You have almost admitted everything; there is only need for you to specify a little and all will be well. Why be stubborn? You had guns, you said?" "Yes, we had guns." "The bandits came that day?" "Yes, they came." "If the bandits came, surely you took out your guns?" "No, I don't think so. They were not many; but it is possible. I cannot remember." "Come, be reasonable. If you had guns it was to defend yourselves, and when the bandits came, naturally you took

out your guns, to be ready for any contingency. That is obvious." "I cannot remember." "The other judges do not say you killed that person wilfully. You may have had an accident; a person is wounded; is brought to you for first-aid, which you render; she dies; you pay for the funeral and also an indemnity to the family. All that is perfectly normal. When the other judge returns, you tell him that, and all will be over. Your sufferings will be ended and you will finally return to your cell and rest—you certainly need it."

I was struck by this idea. I had thought all along that they had expected me to confess to a wilful killing, when actually the only thing required was to mention an accident which after all cast no reflection upon my sacerdotal dignity. I had fallen into the hands of Communist military police, who dispose of ways and means to exact confessions—look at Cardinal Mindszenty of Hungary. I could not hold out. It might be better to follow the advice of the judge. Seeing that I was deep in thought, my judge pressed me, "Don't think any more; it's decided. As soon as the other judge arrives, you have only to speak up."

I was worn out; my harassed mind no longer able to grasp the situation clearly and fully. I was at the mercy of his insinuations. In spite of it all I had the vague feeling of being outwitted but, as he urged me on, there was no strength left in me for any opposition. I asked, "What shall I tell him? What are the charges against me?" "Precisely what we have just discussed together. You need only say that you kept guard with the rest of the population of Pisouki. You had a gun; a shot was fired." Then, as under a spell, I heard myself say, "No, I'll say that I climbed on to the roof; that it was slippery through the rain; I slipped with the gun and it went off." "That is very good. But how much will you say you paid for the coffin?" "I don't know. What shall I say?" "Tell the truth." "But there is no truth. The whole story is a fake from start to finish! I never slipped on the roof, and there never was such an accident. I'm only telling this story because you told me to." "Tell what you like."

Meanwhile, another judge had entered the room and I confessed what I had been told to. When I finished he said, "Very well, but there is another case." "Which case?" "A case identical with the first, but this time it is a man you killed." This was too much. Seething with indignation I protested anew: "All this is untrue!

I never killed anyone, either at Pisouki or elsewhere, either wilfully or by accident. I don't confess to anything any longer. First it was one person I was supposed to have killed, now it is two. How many more will there be? If I am accused, let me read the charges brought against me."

The judge rose, dealing the table a mighty blow with his clenched fist: "How dare you ask us, military police, to let you see the documents we have against you! Who do you think you are? You make fools out of us. I'll show you," and he left the room.

The younger one, who had remained, exhorted me again: "How could you ask such a thing? How could you expect us to show you our documents? After all, what's the difference, one accident or two?" During the judge's diatribe I had realised that once again I had blundered. No military police in the world would show the accused the documents relating to his case. I had gone thus far with my reflections when the second judge returned in company with four guards. They were strong and hefty fellows and looked excited and ready for anything. They surrounded me. It was between three and four in the morning and I felt utterly worn out.

The judge ordered, "Tighten hard!" When manacles are very tight they stop all the blood circulation; the iron bites deeply into the flesh; the pain penetrates to the bones. The guards violently tightened the irons. As I did not show any signs of pain, the judge again ordered: "Harder!" Again the guards obeyed. I do not know why, the mechanism seemed defective, the pain remained bearable. I sensed the will of the judge set on breaking my resistance once and for all. If he had taken the trouble to go and fetch these four thugs, it was evidently with the intention of getting what he wanted. I took fright and felt a wave of despair and utter loneliness sweep over me. Here was I, at the mercy of a band of scoundrels ready for anything. What was the use of resisting? My faith was not at stake. If I signed that I killed one person, there may be some people ready to believe this; but to sign that I killed two, in exactly the same circumstances, is so utterly ridiculous that no one will believe that. Come to think of it, it is better to sign that I killed two—this will make it all the more obviously false.

And as the judge was urging me, I gave in again. He scribbled hastily a few lines on a scrap of paper, had them witnessed by his companion, then told me to sign. I did so without reading. The judge then seized hold of my thumb, rubbed it with ink, and

pressed it at the bottom of the paper, so adding my thumbprint to my confession. These two judges were only assessors, so it was with evident pride that they showed the chief judge my signature the next morning.

It was only in the evening that I was finally taken back to my cell. What a relief! How cosy my cell looked. At long last I could sit down and even, if I wished, lie down for the night. Many days had passed since I had left my cell—many days had passed standing—always without being allowed to close my eyes. How many days? How many days had this ordeal lasted? I could not say. Tomorrow I would try to count them. For the moment only one thing, only one thought, occupied my mind: sleep!

The next day I regained my senses. What had I done? I who had firmly resolved never to make any trumped-up confession. How had I allowed myself to be tricked in this manner? I was furious; but it was too late; I had signed, I had been a coward, I should have forced them to use torture. I had not even been tortured. How stupid I was. They could now boast that no torture had even been needed. How had I done such a thing, having had a previous experience already, a bitterly regretted one, when at Siwantse?

Moreover, had I not many a time exhorted others never to let themselves be tricked into a trumped-up confession? I was furious, ashamed and broken-hearted. What could I do now? It was too late. I had signed. When the young judge was leading me on, I should have refused even to consider his suggestions. I should have resisted. Through exhaustion, through a kind of nervous black-out, through cowardice, I had given in. One thing only remained to be done, as soon as possible—to retract all I had signed. It would probably cost me a lot. They would be furious and exact a new confession. So much the worse. This time I would not yield, no matter what happened. I would never, never again sign a trumped-up confession. I was quite resolved this time.

How was I to know that a fortnight later I would do the same thing over again?

THE REDEMPTION OF ATTIS

François Mauriac's Poetic Vision

By

ERNEST BEAUMONT

THE FAME that Mauriac has acquired as a novelist and, more recently, as a playwright has overshadowed his achievement as a poet. It is not uncommon for a writer whose earliest published work has been in verse to abandon poetry or at least never to disclose to the public gaze any he may subsequently write. This has not been the case with Mauriac. While his first published poems reveal a rather lachrymose religiosity and could perhaps be dismissed as by no means incompetent by-products of the melancholy emotionalism of adolescence, successive volumes have given proof of a progressive poetic maturity until, with *Le Sang d'Atys*, he has achieved the expression of a cosmic vision in a very fine poem which deserves to be more widely known than it is. This poem, first published in 1940, when the writer was fifty-five years old, and of which certain fragments appeared in the body of the novel, *Les Chemins de la Mer*, presents us with one of those adapted and renovated myths of antiquity of which we have seen so many in the last few decades. The Phrygian myth of Attis and Cybele is not one of the better known. Accounts vary, but the version which Mauriac seems to have had in mind is this. Cybele, the Great Mother, the source of all life, animal and vegetable, loves Attis, a young shepherd. He is unfaithful to her and she in her jealousy kills the nymph he loves, whereupon he mutilates himself and bleeds to death. This act takes place under a pine-tree and after his death Attis himself is changed into a pine-tree. Associated with this myth there was, apparently, at least in Rome, whither the Phrygian cult was imported, an annual ritual, held at the vernal equinox, during which a freshly cut pine-tree

was carried to the sanctuary of Cybele and to this an effigy was tied, symbolising the dead Attis. In the course of the ceremonies, it appears that the novices of the cult mutilated themselves and performed acts which are interpreted as having a fertilising significance.¹ Sir James Frazer refers also to secret rites involving, as well as a sacramental meal, a baptism of blood, during which the novices were covered with the blood of a stabbed bull.²

The legendary Cybele, Mother Earth, has long haunted Mauriac's imagination. In a book in which he attempted to explain, mainly for the benefit of non-Christian readers, the significance of Maundy Thursday, he wrote of the country where as a schoolboy he loved to spend his Easter holidays in the following terms:

But beneath the dead leaves, beneath the sand and the ash of the cheerless *landes*, there all the same was Cybele, making her first sighs and stretching her numbed arms—Cybele, more formidable than any of the mysterious faces seen in towns. Christ teaches our souls that He is the vine and that we are the shoots: but Cybele gives the same lesson to our bodies . . . ³

In his autobiographical writings his deep love of his native heaths and pines is a constant theme and one may see in the following passage how he identified himself with the pine-trees, suffering, as it were, with them:

But the wind in the pines moans less wildly than the Atlantic, it does not utter that cry of a blind and deaf monster; it is an Aeolian lament, a human lament; it enters into me as I stay motionless in the midst of the numberless trees and the depth of my being collaborates with this indefinite moaning, as if I were only a pine-tree among a thousand others, assailed by the blast.⁴

It seems likely that the prose poems of Maurice de Guérin, for whom and for whose poetry Mauriac has the tenderest regard, were the source where he found, not the revelation of his feeling of kinship with nature, which had grown in him from boyhood, but the mythical embodiment of it. In both *Le Centaure* and *La Bacchante* there are passages of which one is reminded when reading *Le Sang d'Atys*. Of this poet's love of trees Mauriac has written:

¹ See Homer W. Smith, *Man and His Gods*, Cape, 1953, pp. 124–5, as well as J. G. Frazer, *Adonis, Attis, Osiris*, Macmillan, 1906, pp. 163–84.

² J. G. Frazer, *op. cit.*, pp. 172–3.

³ François Mauriac, *Le Jeudi saint*, Paris, Flammarion, 1931, p. 42.

⁴ François Mauriac, *Commencements d'une Vie*, Paris, Grasset, 1932, p. 92.

For Maurice the crowd of trees counts for more than the crowd of men. A Lacordaire, a Montalembert addressed immense audiences full of applause and shouts; but he, he had commerce only with those motionless and mute beings whose leafy heads are stirred by the wind and who hide unknown passions beneath their bark.¹

Later in this same essay Mauriac associates Maurice de Guérin himself with the Attis myth:

Very far from seeking a refuge against unremembering matter, he plays from childhood between Cybele's knees, he is already familiar with her copses and springs, her clouds and mists; he is the eternal Attis whom the mysteries of Cybele do not intimidate, the shepherd heedful of every breath and for whom it could be no punishment to see himself one day changed into a pine-tree.²

What Mauriac regards as the drama of Maurice de Guérin was the way in which he was torn between Grace and Nature, between Christ and Cybele. According to Mauriac, no man can give his love to both and Maurice de Guérin, without realising that he had made the choice, gave his love to Cybele:

A scrupulous Catholic child is sacrificing to Cybele and does not know that he is betraying his God: Maurice de Guérin at la Chesnaie.³

This conflict between Christ and Cybele, to use the terminology of Mauriac himself, is of course the substance of his novels, the kernel of his work as a whole. It is a simplification to see in his work merely a preoccupation with carnal desire. Man's own desire is intimately associated with the complicity of the whole of the natural world. How intensely Mauriac feels the life of nature I have already briefly indicated. There is hardly a novel where the *landes* are not vividly evoked, less a background than an integral part of the human drama. There is hardly a novel where we do not see the pine-trees suffering the ravages of fire or wounded in their flanks by those incisions from which resin is drawn. Two examples taken at random will suffice:

The four o'clock light for a brief moment caressed the tree-trunks, the bark of the pines shone like shell, their gluey wounds attracted

¹ François Mauriac, *Journal*, 1932-1939, Paris, *La Table Ronde*, 1947, pp. 336-7.

² *Ibid.*, p. 338.

³ *Commencements d'une Vie*, p. 104. La Chesnaie was of course the country house in Brittany where Lamennais lived with his associates, among whom at one time was Maurice de Guérin. The house is well described in Alec R. Vidler, *Prophecy and Papacy*, SCM Press, 1954, pp. 31-2.

the sinking sun. Then, suddenly, everything faded; the west wind drove heavy clouds which skimmed the tree-tops, and it tore from this dark crowd a long lament.¹

The precise round mirror of a lagoon reflected the long boles of the pine-trees, and their tops and the blue. In the numberless trunks fresh wounds were bleeding and, scorching, perfumed the day.²

It is easy to see how the mutilated Attis who was changed into a pine becomes associated in Mauriac's mind with the pine-trees gashed and "bleeding" with resin. Attis, however, the modern Attis, must be redeemed, for there has been the Incarnation since the Phrygian legend took shape. As well as the blood which Attis shed, the original Attis of the myth, there has been the Blood shed for the new Attis, for the Attis which symbolises each member of the human race. A passage in *Le Jeudi saint*, from which book I have already quoted, gives us the image of man, ourselves, covered with Christ's Blood:

The blood of the paschal lamb sprinkled the lintel and the twin posts of the main door so that the destroyer would recognise the houses of those who were to be spared. So are we covered with the blood of Jesus Christ, so is the door of our heart, when we have received Communion, dripping with that blood which wards off the spirit of evil.³

Thus we may see how in the writer's mind, deeply, fervently Christian, the "blood" which the pine-trees shed, when gashed to yield resin, recalling the blood which was shed by Attis who was subsequently changed into a pine-tree, inevitably evokes the Blood which was shed for man's redemption, for all things since have assumed a fresh significance. The desolateness of the *landes*, covered by pine-trees with their resinous "wounds," itself brings to Mauriac's mind the idea of Grace consuming men's hearts:

This breath of mint, of grass drenched with water, mingled with all that the heath, freed from the sun, a furnace suddenly cooled, abandons of itself to the night: the scent of burnt heather, of warm sand and of resin—the delightful odour of this ash-covered land, peopled by trees with open flanks: I thought of hearts consumed by Grace and which have chosen to suffer.⁴

¹ François Mauriac, *Le Mystère Frontenac*, Paris, Grasset, 1933, p. 54.

² François Mauriac, *Le Baiser au Lépreux*, Paris, Grasset, 1922, p. 120.

³ *Le Jeudi saint*, p. 107.

⁴ *Commencements d'une Vie*, pp. 94-5.

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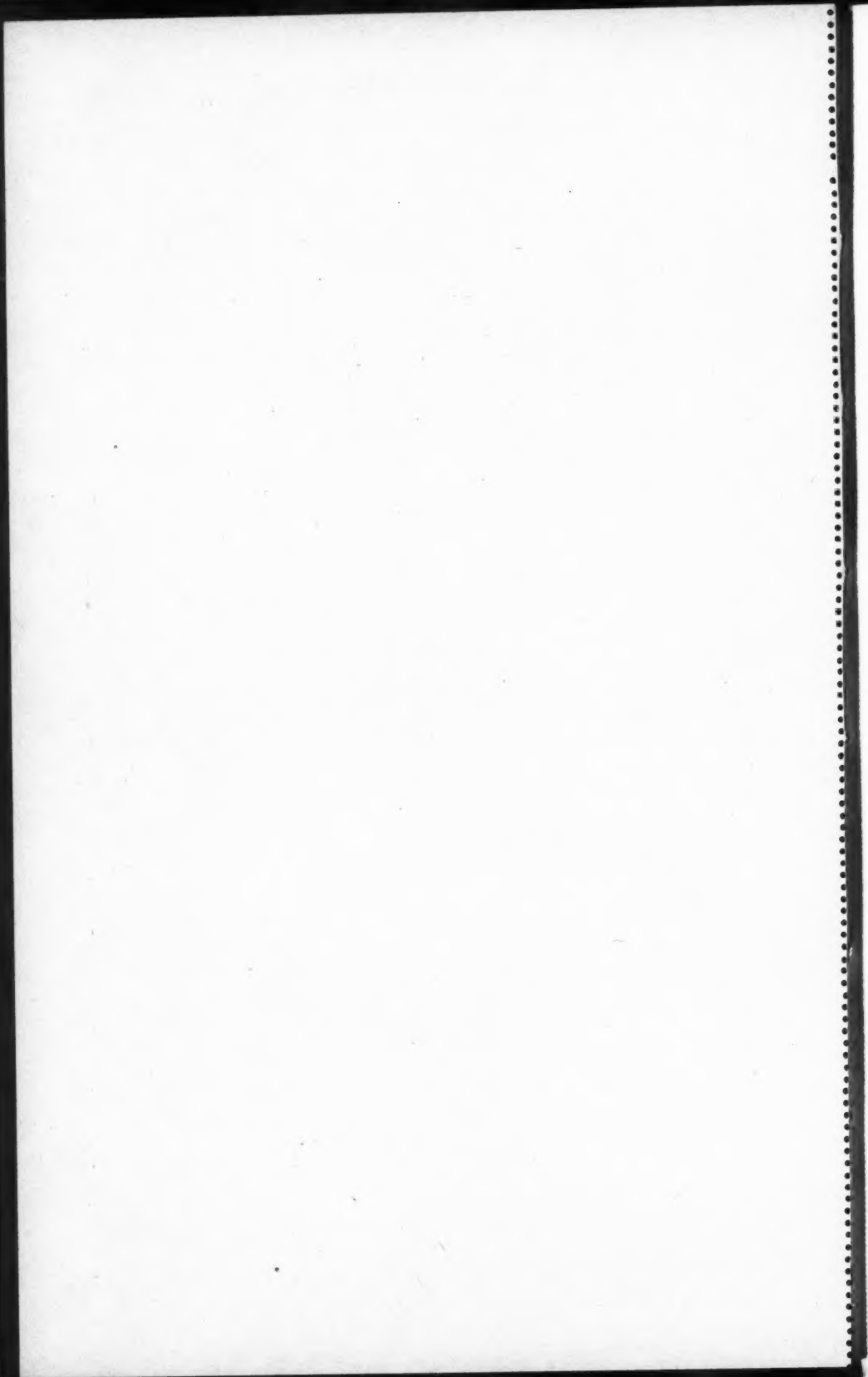
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It may now seem clear from what elements Mauriac's poem derives. The title of the poem itself is susceptible of a variety of complementary interpretations. It does not refer mainly to the blood shed by the Phrygian Attis, though it calls it to mind. In the first place, no doubt, the blood of Attis is that hot blood which drew him towards the nymph and with which we find many parallels in the novels. The moment comes, however, when the blood of Attis flows calmly and purely, that moment recounted in the crucial part of the poem, *Atys chrétien*, and when there is evoked at the same time the Blood of Christ, the Blood shed for Attis, understood as symbolic of all mankind. Mauriac's poem is fraught with a depth of meaning which has not always been perceived. One must not make the error of attributing to Mauriac's Attis a continuity of being which he does not necessarily have; one must understand the historical perspective of the poem, in the course of which Attis evolves, not as the self-same person, but as a symbol of mankind itself. For Mauriac's Cybele each man is Attis and the Attis which the poem especially envisages is an Attis born after the historical fact of the Incarnation. Between the Phrygian Attis evoked in *Cybèle regrette l'Atys païen* and the *Atys en état de grâce* the Incarnation has taken place, the redemptive Blood has been shed. A careful reading of *Atys chrétien* makes it clear that there has been no mutilation of the Attis there portrayed; sensual desire has been vanquished by Grace. Unfortunately, this has not always been understood. The poem has been interpreted in too close conformity with the pattern of the Phrygian legend, and the self-mutilation of Attis has been wrongly regarded as preceding in Mauriac's poem the infusion of Grace which makes of him a new being, a child of God.¹ It is unthinkable that Mauriac, the whole of whose work reveals an anguished preoccupation with the problem of human love and divine love should have chosen in this poem, the fruit of long meditation, to offer a solution which must appear as bitterly and even cynically drastic. If the self-mutilation did take place in *Le Sang d'Atys*, Mauriac has answered his question: *Comment ne plus aimer ce que l'on aime*,² in a manner which can only betoken despair or frivolity. Actually he is guilty of neither, as I hope to show. However, in

¹ This interpretation of the poem has been made by Nelly Corneau in *La Table Ronde* in January 1953. (No. 61, pp. 153-60.)

² François Mauriac, *Souffrances et Bonheur du Chrétien*, Paris, Grasset, 1931, p. 25.

order that Mauriac's achievement may be fully apparent, the poem must be followed stage by stage.

In so far as Attis is symbolic of the individual, we observe in him a threefold evolution passing from love of nature, through love of woman, to love of God. Mauriac's treatment of the relationship of Attis and Cybele, which is poetically the finest part of the work, is the development at a much deeper level than the poets of the romantic period achieved of the feeling that has come to be known as the "pathetic fallacy." This feeling, embodied in the refashioned myth, is expressed by Mauriac with a new and strange emphasis, which is the insistence upon the despair of Cybele, unable to embrace Attis with human arms. Those parts of the poem in which she tells the depth of her love and laments the impossibility of possession in the human sense are indeed the most poignant, the most deeply felt. Attis, however, is early aware of the insufficiency for him of Cybele's love, unutterably intense as it is, no doubt because there is no human embrace involved in it. The "*invisibles bras*" mentioned in the last verse of the third section of the poem, *Atys vient*,¹ would seem to give the first indication of another world in which Cybele has no part, the world of the spirit, which surrounds the sleeping Attis.

That the Attis of the poem is not to be identified with the legendary shepherd first becomes apparent in the section entitled *Cantique de Cybèle*, where Cybele, whose jealousy is aroused by her discovering traces of caresses on the body of Attis, refers to his precursors, none of whom she had loved as she loves him. This Attis, we now realise, is a new Attis, possibly man in general and the poet himself in particular. With his infidelity to Cybele there comes to Attis the feeling that she does not exist as a being, that nature is nothing but an inanimate world to which he has attributed his own feelings, in other words, his discovery of the "pathetic fallacy," which is finely expressed in *Reproches d'Atys à Cybèle*. What Mauriac is at pains to reveal with regard to the relations of Attis and Sangarius, the nymph he loves, is the unsuspected presence of Cybele in their love, that is to say, the complicity of nature in their yielding to amorous instinct. Cybele nevertheless

¹ *Le Sang d'Atys*, after its first publication in 1940, was published together with *Orages*, under the title of *Orages*, by Grasset in 1949. As each section of the poem is relatively short and all my references are easy to find, I shall not indicate page numbers.

suffers grievously from the betrayal, from the fact that Attis deserts her for human love. Possession, however, is followed swiftly by remorse, as we perceive from *Cybèle attend son heure*, and in the following section, *Atys après le péché*, the mood of Attis is revealed in terms typically Mauriacian, the woman being represented as his *proie* and the joy which he has had but which now dies as *immonde*. After the sin and consequent remorse his soul comes back to life again and in the couplet which closes this part of the poem there is a hint of certain factors involved in the coming regeneration of Attis, the psychological preparation for the reception of Grace. The use of the word *ruse* in the last verse is typical of the author, referring no doubt to the artifice employed by God, who makes use of this emotional disturbance in Attis, of which He is indeed the ultimate cause, in order to enter him more deeply.

In the legend the self-mutilation of necessity precedes the changing of Attis into a pine-tree, but in Mauriac's poem the metamorphosis takes place without any suggestion of such an act. Neither is there any mention of the fate of Sangarius. Cybele has effected the metamorphosis as a means of possessing Attis, of giving him roots which plunge deep within her, to make him a part of her for ever, though at the close of this part of the poem, *Atys est changé en pin*, there is a hint that Cybele has a premonition of an onslaught to be made upon Attis in which he will be covered in blood. While the meaning is obscure, the verses in no wise evoke the suggestion of mutilation and, in view of later references, one could regard this blood as the redemptive Blood of Christ. However, Attis escapes from the tree where Cybele has enclosed him and we see from *Atys sans nombre* that this always happens, that each new Attis escapes from the possessive Mother and each one expects from her "the avowal of his own secret," which is no doubt the explanation as to what he is. It now becomes quite clear that the Attis of the poem is not any single creature but every man who lives. It is also apparent that there are several levels of meaning, particularly if we bear in mind the prose work of the author. Cybele is primarily the Great Mother, the source of animal and vegetable life, but there are echoes in her attitude to Attis of many human mothers whom Mauriac has vividly portrayed, intolerably possessive in their love, the most unforgettable of whom is the Félicité Cazenave of *Genitrix*.

The universality of Attis is further emphasised by *La guerre des Atys*, where the human catastrophe of war is evoked in a curious blending of the pine image with the suffering of human flesh. Were this part of the poem written by Hugo, one would understand it as the felling of a forest of pines in which human souls had been imprisoned, but as one cannot suspect Mauriac of a Hugolian belief in the transmigration of souls into non-human objects, it seems preferable to understand the title of this section literally. The shedding of blood which was a feature of the Attis ritual can hardly be indicated by the wholesale slaughter which this part of the poem evokes and there is in any case no suggestion in it whatever of emasculation. This experience of war, if such it be, is followed immediately by the appearance of the regenerate Attis, who no longer desires woman and in whom there suffers the crucified Christ, of whom Cybele is afraid. This conversion of Attis has been prepared to some extent by the hint of spiritual presences given early in the poem and by the feeling of remorse which followed physical possession. As the working of Grace is obscure, the mystery which surrounds the regeneration of Attis may seem justifiable. What the poet does make clear, however, is that Attis is no emasculated Phrygian. The verse:

Tranquille et pur coulait ce flot de jeune sang

refers to his blood flowing calmly *within* his veins, for desire has left him. The following two verses specifically refer to the potential virility of Attis, which has been subdued, or if one prefers, sublimated, by Grace.

*Tout désir avait fui de la grappe écrasée
Entre le corps obscur et la terre embrasée.*

If we relate the use of the word *grappe* in the above couplet to the use of the same word in the next section of the poem, *Cybèle regrette l'Atys païen*, where it quite obviously refers to the organs of generation, it appears that Mauriac has wished to make it clear, within the limits of a certain delicacy, that Attis is in possession of the whole of his body. The two verses which follow seem to imply that Attis is not one but multiple and the last four verses of this section associate this new regenerate Attis with Christ suffering. Mauriac has not transformed Attis into Christ, inverting the procedure of those who try to make of Christ another Attis, for

the being in whose heart Christ suffers is *éphémère*, but in the final verse of this part of the poem the shedding of the redemptive Blood of Christ is obviously evoked. What is implied, surely, is that the Passion of Our Lord has made of all human suffering a participation in His own. What has happened to change the meaning of the Phrygian myth is, not merely the poetic invention of the writer, but the historical fact of the Incarnation. That historical fact intervenes at this point in the poem to transform the relationship between Attis and Cybele, considered as symbols of Man and of Nature. This new Attis must be understood, not as a particular individual, but as the New Man of St. Paul's teaching, the ideal made possible by the Redemption. It is man redeemed by Christ's Blood that Mauriac is envisaging and who, if he allow Grace to enter him, will be a new man, born according to the spirit.

The historical perspective of the poem is further emphasised by *Cybele regrette l'Atys païen*, where Cybele makes the distinction between the new Attis, whom one may now regard as man born in the Christian era and reborn in Baptism, and the Phrygian Attis who, "*pour atteindre l'impossible partage*," mutilated himself. It is surely clear that this Phrygian Attis, here mentioned for the first time in the poem, is not the same *person* as the Attis who has undergone the profound revolution of being which it is the purpose of the poem to show forth. In the closing verses of this section, which refer to the Phrygian Attis:

*Tu fuyais, ignorant qu'à chacun de tes pas
Le sang trouble d'Atys enseménait le monde*

there is obviously more than a probable reference to the ignorance of the legendary original that his self-mutilation would assume a fertilising significance in a subsequent ritual. A "poetical" echo is clearly inherent, calling to mind the redemptive Blood of Christ, but the analogy should not be pushed farther than the poet himself takes it.

The last word in this poem rests with Cybele, as indeed it should, for it is mainly through her eyes that we have gazed. Moreover, as when reading Mauriac's novels we tend to feel most sympathy for his carnal sinners, so in this poem do we feel most sympathy for the deserted Cybele, whose power of love has been so intimately conveyed by the poet. Cybele has lost. Even her

attempts to use her rival Sangarius and the noonday sun, that accomplice of sensual desire that so many of the novels powerfully portray, have failed. Attis is no longer the creature of his instincts. Cybele realises that her own survival is now linked with man and what in her will live in eternity are the bodies resurrected from the dust that is mingled in her. Moreover, Cybele has herself had her part in man and something of the ephemeral earth will live for ever in him when he is rapt in the beatific vision.

No prose commentary ever does justice to a poem. The highly charged language disintegrates at the impact of the dissecting knife. This poem is a great poem, though not all parts of it attain to the same degree of poetic intensity. Through it Mauriac has presented a cosmic vision such as only few poets achieve and *Le Sang d'Atys* is fraught with that infinite suggestiveness, that richness of potentiality which Valéry claimed as a condition for a poem's continuing life.

JOHN LOCKE RECONSIDERED

By

RUSSELL KIRK

SURELY NO PHILOSOPHER is more generally mentioned, and less really read, than John Locke. In America, his name, especially in liberal circles, has become a kind of synonym for virtue, tolerance, and representative government. Professor Louis Hartz of Harvard University, in his new book *The Liberal Tradition in America*, writes as if the doctrines of Locke were as immutable for Americans as the Decalogue, identifying "Lockian thought" with "the American Way of Life." Now, that the most powerful of modern states should be forever bound to follow in the footsteps of one seventeenth-century politician is rather a curious notion. Therefore I think it worth while to review what Locke actually wrote and advocated.

In February, 1689, John Locke returned to England after nearly six years' exile in Holland. He sailed in the ship which carried the Princess Mary to her English throne, wrested from James II by William of Orange and the great Whig families three months earlier; and now Locke's long career of opposition to the designs of James was at length rewarded. It was as an author, however, not as a politician, that he rose to his great fame during the next fifteen years. The *Two Treatises on Civil Government* were published a few months after his return to London, and his *Essay concerning Human Understanding* appeared in 1690. The influence of these books still is strong among us. As everyone knows, the *Treatises* were an apology for the Revolution of 1688; but they were much more than that. Though they purported to be an abstract discourse on the origin and essence of society, in truth they constituted an empirical explanation of the English political experience over many centuries; and though they were designed to conserve English social institutions, in the next century they became weapons for American and French revolutionaries.

The *Second Treatise*, one of the cardinal works of English political philosophy, really is an attack upon Hobbes's *Leviathan*, though Locke does not mention by name his formidable adversary. It is Locke's intention to prove that government is the product of free contract, that the governors hold their authority only in trust, and that when trust is violated, a people rightfully can exercise their strength—though only under great provocation—to undo tyranny. These arguments explain and defend the Revolution of 1688; but they also explain the nature of the long struggle for a balanced government in England, from the thirteenth century onward, and they lay down principles by which an enlightened nation—in Locke's opinion—may realise the law of nature in politics.

Society is the product of a voluntary contract among men equal in a state of nature, Locke says, to secure better the rights which are theirs by nature's law—life, liberty, and property. Nearly the whole of Locke's reasoning is concerned with the right of property, or estate, and several times he declares that "the reason why men enter into society is the preservation of their property." His work ran counter to the strong tendency of thought and policy on the Continent: he defied the Age of Absolutism, and in the long run the ideas which he espoused triumphed over the paternal

despotisms that had seemed destined to carry everything before them.

Now Locke, in most matters, was not an original thinker, but rather a synthesiser or populariser. As in moral philosophy he endeavoured to harmonise the findings of seventeenth-century science with the Christian tradition, so in politics he sought to work the opinions of earlier thinkers into a system consonant with the historical experience and the new necessities of his country. This was an undertaking of the greatest importance, and in it he succeeded, for the most part. Yet the *Second Treatise* contains several major inconsistencies, and fails to establish satisfactorily more than one of its principal postulates; moreover, sixty years later David Hume made mincemeat of Locke's theory that men, at any remote period, ever joined themselves in a formal compact for their common welfare. The historical origins of the state are nothing like Locke's primitivistic voluntary union; force and conquest, in England as elsewhere, constituted the actual cement of society, as Burke knew when he advised his generation to "draw a sacred veil over the origins of society." An eminent liberal historian of political philosophy, C. E. Vaughan, criticising Locke's notion that the law of nature ordains free consent and mutual assistance, observes that "all human excellence is based upon conflict; and, much as we may shrink from owning it, without the combative qualities, there is little virtue and no such thing as progress." Locke himself, in some of his later writings, seemed to contradict certain assertions in the *Second Treatise*—for instance, his denial of the existence of innate ideas endangered his political postulate that men are naturally in possession of the axiom that life, liberty, and property are the equal rights of all.

The *Second Treatise*, then, cannot be accepted as a true historical account of the origins of society, nor can its reliance upon the law of nature be accepted by the student of politics. Despite Locke's frequent quotations from Hooker, he did not really follow that great divine in his understanding of natural law, and still less did he follow Hooker back to Aquinas and the other schoolmen. When Burke, just a century after Locke wrote, found it necessary to oppose a revolution on the same grounds that Locke had used to justify a revolution, he appealed not to the "law of nature" which Locke understood, but rather to the richer natural-law tradition of Hooker, the Scholastics of the fourteenth century, and

Cicero. But, when all is said, Locke's references to the "state of nature," to Biblical precedent, and to self-evident truths, were scarcely more than unconscious concessions to the climate of opinion in 1689; everyone was using such terms; and Locke, without the least element of hypocrisy, adapted them to his synthesis. What he really was after, at the heart of the matter, was not metaphysical apprehension, but instead a passable explanation—perhaps we may call it a myth—to account for the existence of individual rights.

Locke is the philosopher of individualism. No doubt he would be surprised at certain late developments from this theory, as when Rousseau erected Locke's praise of submission to the majority into his doctrine of the General Will, or when Marx (after Ricardo) converted Locke's observation that the value of property comes from the labour expended upon it to the socialist theory of value. For Locke intended to restrain government to the smallest possible compass, lest it interfere with the rights of property, from which comes the common welfare. Critics of the earlier years of this century were hard upon Locke for his preoccupation with the right of property, and not without some justification. Yet, in our time, we are coming once more to understand, as Paul Elmer More said, that the right to property, so far as civilisation is concerned, may be even more important than the right to life; and we are beginning to see what Locke took for granted, that freedom of every sort is founded upon the security of private property. This said, however, it remains true that Locke's emphasis upon primitive freedom tends toward social atomism, and exposes that great spiritual continuity which we call society to the whim and the egoism of present interests. Except for some references to "tacit consent" in later generations to the social compact, Locke has nothing to say about the Christian view of society as a bond between God and man, and between the dead, the living, and those yet unborn, a thing Providentially ordained—the concept of society which Burke describes so glowingly. There is no warmth in Locke, and no sense of consecration; his social compact is a far cry from the words in Genesis, "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." Utility, not love, is the motive of Locke's individualism.

When the fountains of the great deep were broken up, a hundred

years later, Burke (who was the last great Whig thinker, as Locke was the first) perceived that this abstract rationality was not a political end for which men would live and die; and, though Burke detested the Jacobins for whom "the state is all in all," he described the true moral nature of the social compact with a splendour which still puts warmth into the conservatism of our day. Society, Burke said, is indeed a contract, a partnership; but it is not a mere commercial concern to ensure private profit, nor yet the oppressive abstract authority of the *philosophes*. Men do indeed have rights by nature; but they are not bloodless abstractions, nor are they limited to mere guarantees against government:

If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; and law itself is only beneficence acting by rule. Men have a right to live by that rule; they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry, and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents; to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring; to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do, without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself; and he has a right to all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour. In this partnership all men have equal rights; but not to equal things.

Some of the flavour of the *Second Treatise* lingers in these sentences, indeed; yet Burke has transcended Locke, and touched upon an idea of community infinitely warmer and richer than Locke's aggregation of individuals. The rights of property, and the checks upon government, of which Locke writes have a high pertinence nowadays; but one will not find in Locke's pages the living consciousness that we are part of some great continuity and essence—the sense of love and duty which Burke opposed to the revolutionary enthusiasm of Locke's French disciples.

Locke's other principal work, the famous *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, was four times revised by its author. His reputation throughout Europe, already great, was so enhanced by this book that he eclipsed every rival for the intellectual leadership of the age. Condillac declared that between Aristotle and Locke

there had been no true philosophers. Locke's theory that the whole of our knowledge, as individuals, is derived from sensory experience (in Paul Hazard's words) involved

a complete revolution in the hitherto universally accepted hierarchy of values. The noblest, the fairest, the purest of ideas; moral teaching; the promptings of the spirit—all derived from the senses! Our mind, which functions at the call of sensation, is merely a servant, a labourer. So there is no rational life without an emotional life to give it its orders! The handmaid is now the mistress; she has settled herself in; she has the rights and privileges of seniority; the patent of nobility; her titles are inscribed in the pages of the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*.¹

To put matters very briefly, the thesis of Locke is that the mind of each human individual, at birth, is a blank tablet, on which experience marks a succession of impressions, which are gradually formed into general ideas. No innate ideas exist, according to Locke: all that a baby inherits from his forefathers or receives from God, is the *means* for giving separate impressions significance. The infant does not apprehend intuitively or instinctively the idea of infinity, or the idea of eternity, or the idea of identity, or the idea of worship, or even the idea of God. All these concepts he acquires through experience, and that experience reaches him through his five senses: the process of sensation. Moral beliefs are not implanted in humanity by an agency superior to the flesh; no, they are learnt through experience of pleasure and pain, so that we shun as evil that which harms us, and embrace as good that which benefits us. All that the untutored human mind possesses is the power of comparing, distinguishing, judging, and willing. In his earlier *Treatise of Civil Government*, Locke had maintained that the feeling of human equality, and the desire for life, liberty, and property, were innate qualities; but in this *Essay*, he repudiates (though only implicitly) this doctrine. Only the capacity for acquiring ideas is left to the human person.

Now as Locke's *Civil Government* was intended to demonstrate the sufficiency of individual interest and private judgment in politics, so his *Essay* was meant to establish securely an individualism of the mind. It accorded with the ardent desire of the age, setting the tone for the rationalism of the eighteenth century.

¹ Paul Hazard, *The European Mind (1680-1715)* (London: Hollis and Carter, 1953), p. 400.

Authority, prescription, and received opinions must now expect to exist only upon sufferance; everything in heaven and earth would come under the critical scrutiny of dispassionate private rationality. It was very easy for the Deists, and for sceptics who went beyond Deism, to apply the philosophy of Locke to their own innovating tenets, though Locke himself (a religious man) was distressed by this tendency during his lifetime, and would have been more distressed had he lived a generation longer. For all that, Locke meant the *Essay* to be a weapon, especially for employment against the Catholics, whose fortresses of Authority and Tradition must tremble before it.

Great though the influence of the *Essay* has been for more than two centuries and a half, there are few men today who would defend the book in its entirety. Some would go beyond Locke, all the way to untrammelled materialism, and deny that even the capacities of comparing, distinguishing, judging, and willing are innate. Others, pointing to the wealth of inquiry into the mysteries of human nature since the end of the seventeenth century, would maintain that Locke does not take into account those operations of the mind which lie below the level of consciousness, nor those which lift man, by mystical ways, to a condition transcending the limitations of the flesh. For a long while, Locke made Conscience seem an old-fangled notion—Conscience, that is, in the sense of a voice that is not simply the echo of the thunder of Society—though men like Burke and John Adams stood out against his utilitarian theory of morality; but Conscience has been coming back into vogue. Acton insisted that the enemy of Conscience is the enemy of Freedom and Justice; and the social experience of the present century has brought home to a good many of us the apprehension that human goodness cannot subsist without either Authority (the bulwark of the Catholic faith) or Conscience (the instrument of the Protestant faith), or both: for men simply do not obey the Golden Rule out of private interest and rationality, and perhaps they cannot. If there had been no Voltaire (to borrow a witticism from Mr. Thurber's Eliot Vereker) it would not have been necessary to invent one; but whether or not innate ideas and inherited moral precepts have reality, it seems that men must believe in them, or perish.

Mr. Basil Willey has stated the essence of Locke's intellectual system with acuity:

The whole force of Locke's polemic against "innate" ideas and principles springs from his presupposition that we must each one of us build up our own being for ourselves out of our own dealings with the universe not relying upon "common notions" which are said to be from God, but are really the received opinions of country or of party, or the sacrosanct dogmas of tradition. God has not "stamped" any "truths" upon the mind; but he has furnished us with faculties which sufficiently serve for the discovery of all we need to know. He gives us powers of sensation and reflection, not information ready-made, just as he gives us, not bridges or houses, but hands and materials. We should seek our knowledge, then, in the consideration of "things themselves" (our minds are themselves included amongst these "things"), and use our own, not other men's thoughts.¹

As political individualism is a waning force amongst us now, so the kind of conviction which Locke intended to champion by his *Essay*, the all-sufficient individual rationality, is flickering out in the twentieth century. Some men have turned to the secular orthodoxy of Marxism, and others have turned back toward the fold of the Church. Yet whatever may be said of the deficiencies of Locke's view of human nature (and some of those deficiencies are now apparent to nearly all educated men), it would be an infinite mischief to civilisation if private judgment should go under altogether. The man of resolute personal certitudes, founded upon the utilitarian ethic (whom Mr. David Riesman, in *The Lonely Crowd*, calls "the inner-directed man") already seems old-fashioned, almost archaic, in our new age of collectivism; but he had his virtues, and among those merits was a good understanding of the signification of words, and a critical talent for examining language which saved him, much of the time, from what Mr. Richard Weaver calls "god terms" and "devil terms."

Upon the subject of the signification of words, Locke is substantially in agreement with Aristotle, and with the medieval Conceptualists: general or universal ideas are the product of the human mind, but they are the stuff without which serious thought cannot subsist, and without them the particular is meaningless. "*General and Universal*, belong not to the real existence of Things; but *are the Inventions and Creatures of the Understanding*, made by it for its own use, and concern only Signs, whether Words, or Ideas." Thus he opposes, on the one hand, Plato and the Realists, and on

¹ Basil Willey, *The Seventeenth Century Background* (London: Chatto and Windus, 1949), p. 274.

the other Thrasymachus and the Nominalists. Hobbes, Locke's real though unacknowledged adversary, here again is the formidable enemy against whom the philosopher of liberalism contends. "Words are wise men's counters," Hobbes had written, "they do but reckon by them—they are the money of fools." But for Locke, words, accurately apprehended, are anything but the money of fools: they are the tools by which men struggle upward from their infantile state of sheer ignorance toward the life of reason. Words do have sure meaning, and without them we are at the mercy of every charlatan. Locke wrote sixty-five years before Dr. Johnson gave a high degree of precision and permanence to the English language, and he was keenly aware of the danger that lurks behind muddy language; but, unlike our modern semanticists, he did not confound legitimate terms of value, true universals, with propaganda-devices. He knew that men who decline to employ general and universal value-terms presently will find themselves in a world where no values are recognised. One of the most dismaying phenomena in our modern society is the decay of the Word. Nazism, Communism, and Fascism, Sir Richard Livingstone observes,

do not know the meaning of certain words, which had been assumed to belong to the permanent vocabulary of mankind, certain ideals which, if ignored in practice under pressure, were accepted in theory. The least important of these words is Freedom. The most important are Justice, Mercy and Truth. In Germany and Russia [this was written in 1941] Liberty, Justice, Mercy and Truth, if they can be said to exist at all, have lost the meaning which civilised men have hitherto given to them.¹

When the accurate apprehension of general terms decays, then we find ourselves in the world of Orwell's "Newspeak" and "Doublethink."

And, in this connection, Locke has enduring meaning for us when he denounces the deliberate obscurity of pedants, who found this a good Expedient to cover their Ignorance, with a curious and unexplicable Web of perplexed Words, and procure to themselves the Admiration of others, by unintelligible Terms, the apter to produce Wonder, because they could not be understood: whilst it

¹ Sir Richard Livingstone, *On Education* (Cambridge University Press, 1954), p. 92.

appears in all History, that these profound Doctors were no wiser, no more useful to their Neighbours . . . For Untruth being unacceptable to the Mind of Man, there is no other defence left for Absurdity, but Obscurity.

The commendation of deliberate obscurity by certain Marxist thinkers, as carrying more weight with the quarter-educated, is precisely what Locke dreaded. Locke's own exposition here, as usual, is a model of lucidity.

Yet we find in Locke next to no recognition of the divine character which nearly every mythology ascribes to language, and which shines out from the Gospel according to St. John: "In the beginning was the Word." For Locke, the test of language is utility, and the source of meaning is rational usage derived from sensory perception. This suited tranquil eighteenth-century society very well; but in the end, it was not well. Despite the influence of Locke upon Rousseau and the other prophets of the French Revolution, in considerable part the Deluge was a protest against a world in which the defecated reason was all, and the heart nothing—the world which Locke explained and defended. Carlyle, at the other end of the scale from Locke, saw this:

When the age of Miracles lay faded into the distance as an incredible tradition, and even the age of Conventionalities was now old; and Man's Existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas which were grown hollow by course of time; and it seemed as if no Reality any longer existed, but only Phantasms of realities, and God's Universe were the work of the Tailor and the Upholsterer mainly, and men were buckram masks that went about becking and grimacing there,—on a sudden, the Earth yawns asunder, and amid Tartarean smoke, and glare of fierce brightness, rises Sansculottism, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks: "What think ye of me?"

Pascal knew that the heart has reasons which the head knows not; but Locke, leaving this out of his calculations, was confident that a kind of intellectual atomism, with all things left to the emancipated personality and the prosy literal utilitarian education, would secure mankind against the violence of Unreason. Men, however, hunger after Faith, far more than an abstract right to judge all things upon the basis of their fallible senses; and if they are denied the faith of tradition, they will embrace the faith of a latter-day Ragnarok.

REVIEWS

JUDGMENT OF NATIONS

The Hungry Sheep, by Sir David Kelly, G.C.M.G, M.C. (Hollis and Carter 18s).

JUDGED BY ANY STANDARDS, this is a remarkable book. It combines an immense range of reading with a shrewd and penetrating insight, historical judgment with practical common sense, a sense of style with humour and humanity; above all, the breadth of experience which lies behind it is matched by the profoundly reflective ability which has inspired it. For all the years of service which Sir David Kelly has given to his country in the embassies of his sovereign, this may well prove to be his most abiding achievement.

To begin with, the work is a model of clarity. In the first hundred pages or so, the author gives us the benefit of his knowledge of contemporary history. Dominating the scene is the Colossus of the Soviet Empire—a unique phenomenon in the history of the world. In a sober, well-documented analysis of this Empire, we are shown the expanding potential of the great land-mass, stretching from the Elbe to the Pacific, united under a single government, and so soon to become not merely the home of the largest standing army in the world, but also the base of a formidable fleet, allied with an air force of stupendous striking power. But this material strength is not the sole factor that is to be taken into account in any estimate of the significance of the Soviet Empire. For it is also an Empire “despotically controlled by a central government which has combined the military strategical habit of mind with the systematic application of a logical comprehensive philosophy, of which the principles are interlocked and serve as guides in the regulation of every branch of activity.”

Over against this ruthless Goliath, an all too tardy reaction did bring into being the Atlantic Community. Relatively weak—its unrealised target of fifty divisions, for example, seems pathetically inadequate as against the 175 divisions of the Soviet land power—it does yet indicate an awakening. Still, in face of the coherent logic of the Soviet planners, the efforts of the “free world” are sadly weakened by various factors. The most important of these, Sir David seems to suggest, has been the futility and worse of so much twentieth-century “diplomacy.” The Wilsonian formula—“open covenants openly arrived at”—has, in the event, simply served to underline the lesson known to all students of fifth-century Athenian history. “In foreign affairs democratic opinion is necessarily apt to be uninformed, and is easier to mobilise either in the sense of xenophobia or of reckless and unreasoning pacificism.” He then

turns to consider some of the weaknesses which have affected this country, not least in the change that has come over our Colonial policy—a doctrinaire belief, in face of the evidence, that “Self-government for *all* colonies” is an obvious boon, to be applied immediately whatever the conditions. And, as Sir David wryly concludes: “The fact that certain British colonies outside Africa—Cyprus, for example—are excluded from self-government makes it still more inexplicable that self-government should be treated as a universal dogma in Africa or the Caribbean.”

Such in brief outlines is the argument of the first part of the book—“The Surface.” But it is in the second part—“the Deeper Currents”—that the chief value of the book lies. For here the author traces to their source the reasons for the “failure of nerve” of those who should be the custodians of our civilised heritage. In the end, this is due to an acceptance of values that are hollow, ideas that are false. Quoting Professor Tawney’s dictum: “In the collective affairs of men bad doctrines are always more deadly than bad actions,” he argues, against the fashionable positivism, that ideas do mould history, through the actions of men inspired by them. He then proceeds to glance, briefly but penetratingly, at a number of “theories, beliefs, and the prejudices which so often pass themselves off as ideas” which have brought us to our present plight. One major obsession—the belief in the inevitability of progress, the view that what is later is necessarily better—has falsified historical perspectives in recent centuries, whilst the new perspective, based on an almost total scepticism about the possibility of establishing any sort of absolute truth, finds its most typical expression in certain contemporary philosophical attitudes which “dress up negation with the familiar comforting appearance of positivist doctrine; in fact, a typical doctrine for an age of crisis, lost confidence and bewilderment.”

It is, regrettably, impossible to pursue Sir David’s analysis any further, though little more than a sample of his approach has been offered. He has wise and trenchant things to say about cyclic theories of history, psychoanalysis, the study of comparative religion and many another modern fad or fancy. Yet, for all the variety of his targets and the need to adopt a technique of snap-shooting in attacking them, the effectiveness of his method lies not so much in the detail of his criticism—valid as that is—but in the general picture which emerges of a world which is uncertain of itself, morbidly sceptical and yet ludicrously superstitious. There is but one hope. Modern man must recapture something of the spiritual and psychological stability that can be given only by a lasting faith in ultimate truth. “Our ‘Western’ civilisation is tending to disintegrate through the gradual rejection of the spiritual values on which it was built . . . and the disintegration can only be arrested by our conscious re-acceptance of those values.” How is this to be done?

Sir David does not outline a course of rehabilitation or indicate any short cuts. But most men know, in their hearts of hearts, not only that his strictures are justified but also the way by which alone salvation can come.

THOMAS CORBISHLEY

BY STRANGE PATHS

The Life of J.-K. Huysmans, by Robert Baldick (Oxford University Press 42s).

"TO ME," wrote Joris-Karl Huysmans in *La Cathédrale*, "the past seems horrible, the present grey and desolate, and the future utterly appalling." Havelock Ellis said of him that "until almost the last, *l'éternelle bêtise de l'humanité* is the ever-recurring refrain." His obsession with the sufferings of others led to continuous mental self-torture and sometimes, it must be admitted, self-pity. His pessimism over the ineradicable stupidity of the human race included disgust with himself, for even during the period of his slow and difficult conversion from a modern brand of Manichaeism fascinated with the powers of occultism and evil to a final haven in the Catholic Church he wandered unsteadily between the brothel and the altar rail, from a retreat at La Trappe de Notre Dame d'Igny to another visit to the satanist Dr. Boullan at Lyons. He offered up the slow agony of the cancer that tortured his last months in expiation of his past life, and only at the very end could he write "I am not unhappy. The day I said *fiat*, God gave me incredible strength of will and wonderful peace of mind." The story of his tortuous pilgrimage, the "de-lousing of his soul" and the quest for God via Satan, is told in the exquisite and colourful prose of his four finest novels of which he himself as Durtal is the hero—*Là-bas*, *En Route*, *La Cathédrale*, and *l'Oblat*.

Since Huysmans's death in 1907 there has sprung up a considerable literature about him. Only last year appeared Mr. James Laver's *The First Decadent*, an entertaining and slightly tendentious picture of Huysmans which laid more stress on the macabre than on the Catholic. Dr. Baldick is the first to produce a full, factual, definitive and copiously documented biography, the fruit of years of painstaking research, which gives a dispassionately balanced picture of his life against the background of France at a time of spiritual and literary decadence. He has a better understanding than any previous writer of the whole Huysmans—the civil servant, the prose writer and novelist, the man morbidly obsessed with suffering, the occultist, the sensualist plagued by women, the pilgrim in search of his soul. Dr. Baldick draws on a great deal of new and unpublished material, especially letters, and he skilfully conflates

his facts with extensive quotations from the autobiographical novels to show the relevance of the facts and their influence on Huysmans's own spiritual and intellectual development. He sorts out the discordant and enigmatic elements of his hero's character and puts them together again to form a convincing picture, and in the process he refreshingly avoids the jargon of modern psychology. He traces the influences upon him of Baudelaire and Mallarmé, Zola, Flaubert and Goncourt, Oswald Wirth and Léon Bloy, Dr. Boullan and the Abbé Mugnier. He gives a remarkably complete bibliography and a full index. The result is a biography memorable for its well-rounded construction, completeness and readability.

WALTON HANNAH

ROB LYLE

Halcyon, by Rob Lyle (Hand and Flower Press 4s).

THE CHARACTERISTICS (however bad) of every age in poetry tend to become its critical standards of excellence. At a Foyle Prize luncheon I have heard Mr. Spender, the most characteristic of modern English poets, praise a sort of open-necked amateurishness as what the modern English reader requires most of the poet he is reading. This is quite true, yet all the truly great poets of our time, the three Sitwells, Eliot, Yeats, and Dylan Thomas are all professional skilled engineers of language and their mastery is due to sheer will-power and concentrated effort. It is to this hard-learned knowledge that they will owe their immortality though it may be to other qualities that they owe their present success and popularity. Mr. Spender was quite right in what he said of the requirements of the crossword-happy and brain-weary poetry reader of to day who asks nothing better than to share in a brown study with a poet as half-baked as himself. He requires his poet to obscure his shallowness by stirring up the mud, rather than to clarify profundities by the use of visual imagery. In any other age *Halcyon* would have had an immediate electrical success. Rob Lyle is the most skilled and consummate engineer of rhyme, metre and metaphor of his generation. These qualities were apparent in his former collection, *Guitar*. In all the seven European languages that I am able to read, I have not found his superior in technical skill amongst writers of his age. He is a metaphysical poet, a thinker, whose medium is that of ideas rather than of slogans or blurred platitudes like that of his contemporaries, to whom he stands as Claudian stood to the fashionable catamites, eunuchs and panegyrists of his time. His technical skill has so far earned him little but a few condescending shrugs from that strange caucus of uncreative and impotent creatures who seem to rule our literary destinies. But, as a fellow-poet, I have no hesitation in curbing my envy

and saluting such poems in this book as *Loba*, *The Dandy*, *The Death of Aphrodite*, and *Atlantica* as immortal masterpieces.

ROY CAMPBELL

THE FIRST ENGLISH CARDINAL

Cardinal Robert Pullen: An English Theologian of the Twelfth Century,
by Francis Courtney, S.J. (Rome, *Analecta Gregoriana*, Vol. LXIV,
n.p.)

THE VERY LOOK of contemporary manuscripts serves to illustrate why Latin theological studies have been moving back from the thirteenth to the twelfth century. It is almost as though Macaulay and Gibbon were being preferred to published research in the academic style. The fashion goes with the revival of Cistercian monasticism, of the liturgical interpretation of history, of a biblical theology which finds the affective teaching of the Victorines and the humanism of the School of Chartres more congenial than the aridities of the Aristotelean schoolmen—it may be doubted in passing whether a living moral theology will find better provender in a typology legal and Roman rather than teleological and Greek.

Fr. Courtney's study, exact, judicious, and unadorned, is likely to remain a standard work in its field, and therefore deserves better press-work than it has received. It recovers a major figure from neglect. Robert Pullen, a west countryman and probably an Austin Canon, lectured at Oxford and Paris, where, continuing the tradition of the School of Laon, he counteracted the influence of Abelard and earned the approval of St. Bernard and the reverence of John of Salisbury. He became Papal Chancellor and the first English cardinal. He died in 1146.

From an examination of his chief work, the *Sententiarum Libri VIII*, written a few years before Peter Lombard's *Sentences*, of his nineteen *Sermones*, and of his recently rediscovered treatise *de Contemptu Mundi*, he emerges as "a man of serious, even stern, temperament, outspoken, ascetical, conservative in outlook, a scholar who valued learning only as an instrument for the penetration and dissemination of the word of God." His rich vocabulary and rhythmic sentences make one sigh for what was lost in the gain of later scholasticism, yet his importance lies in the part he played in shifting theology from the condition of grammar to that of a true science: instead of lumping together "authoritative" interpretations of scriptural and patristic texts, which anyhow was better than the later casuistical habit of uncritically reciting names in support, he assembled in the strictly logical form of a *quaestio* the arguments *sic et non* concerning a problem.

THOMAS GILBY

W. B. YEATS

Autobiographies, by W. B. Yeats (Macmillan 21s).

A VOLUME originally published under this title in 1926 contained only *Reveries over Childhood and Youth* and *The Trembling of the Veil*: to this new edition we are indebted for some precious posthumous salvage—*Dramatis Personae*, *Estrangement*, *The Death of Synge* and *The Bounty of Sweden*. The first person singular in prose writing was a style for which Yeats the dreamer was peculiarly unsuited, and the first two sections of this book suffer from a vagueness and self-centredness which were the bane of the poet's character:

Sometimes when I remember a relative that I have been fond of, or a strange incident of the past, I wander here and there till I have somebody to talk to. Presently I notice that my listener is bored; but now that I have written it out, I may even begin to forget it all.

It is not surprising that the reader of his reveries is often bored too, but there are many rewards for those who persevere in the struggle to finish the first two sections of this beautifully produced volume, and when Yeats writes of other people rather than of himself, as he does in the later sections of the book, he has much of interest to say and says it with objectiveness and distinction.

A poignant memory came to me the other day while I was passing the fountain near Holland Park [Yeats writes in his *Reveries*] for there my sister and I had spoken together of our longing for Sligo and our hatred of London. I know that we were both very close to tears and remember with wonder, for I had never known anyone that cared for such mementoes, that I longed for a sod of earth from some field I knew, something of Sligo to hold in my hand. It was some old race instinct like that of a savage, for we had been brought up to laugh at all display of emotion.

The whole life of Yeats was to be a display of emotion—his love for Maud Gonne, his love for Ireland, his meanderings into spiritualism. "I have longed to turn Catholic," Lady Gregory once said to Yeats, "that I might be nearer to the people, but you have taught me that paganism brings me nearer still," and Yeats adds in comment, "Yet neither she nor those peasants were pagans."

I once met Yeats being wheeled by his wife in a bath-chair near Rathfarnham, and the words of Patrick Pearse in *The Singer* came vividly to my mind: "The old men wait for death, the young go to meet it." Yeats realised that he had done much to foster the beauty, "the terrible beauty," which was born in Dublin in 1916: the glimpses of the

biographies of Maud Gonne MacBride, Lady Gregory, Edward Martyn of Tulira, and John Millington Synge, which appear in these pages, are too full "of night and light and the half-light" of his morbid ego to sustain interest or sympathy for long. The finest writing in this book is a series of extracts from a diary kept by Yeats in 1909 entitled *On the Death of Synge*, and among these extracts perhaps the most precious are these from *Celebrations*: "He was one of those unmoved souls in whom there is a perpetual 'Last Day,' a perpetual trumpeting and coming up for judgment," and "He did not speak to men and women asking judgment as lesser writers do; but knowing himself part of judgment, he was silent."

WULSTAN PHILLIPSON

WILLIAM CECIL

Mr. Secretary Cecil and Queen Elizabeth, by Conyers Read (Jonathan Cape 40s).

THE LACK of an authoritative biography of William Cecil has been felt by all students of Elizabeth's reign. At last Mr. Read has given the first fruits of his long study of the voluminous original materials available. In this volume he carries the story down to the crisis of 1569-71, which Cecil handled with such brilliant success that those who were trying to unsaddle him were discredited, and his own triumph was assured. The volume ends with his elevation to the peerage as Lord Burghley: a subsequent volume will carry the story down to his death.

The book is a mine of information, drawn from original sources, and invaluable particularly for the numerous letters and memoranda of Cecil quoted or summarised.

Yet, for all that, it is disappointing. It is not so much that the writing is often dull or that the details of the complicated foreign, religious, economic and political events in which he was involved are dealt with so meticulously that the story behind them is often lost sight of; much more distressing is the fact that Cecil never comes to life. The author fails to introduce us to the subject of his biography: we rarely get below the surface of his activities or inside his skin. When, occasionally, efforts are made to assess his motives, the tiresome harping on his loyalty and their loftiness is utterly unconvincing. They break down particularly in his effort to explain away his activities in the reign of Edward VI and his conformity under Mary. The very documents quoted (for example, the two revealing memoranda on Mary Queen of Scots) and the facts used show him to have been an unscrupulous Machiavellian of the worst type, ready to use any means to achieve his end. He began to "practise" as a young man, with his "merry

device" to recover the money he had lost at play, and we see him using his skill with bogus plots to discredit de Quadra and the Catholics (meaning no harm, of course). There is a Hitlerian touch about his readiness to resort to large scale executions after the Rising of the North, and the way he used the scare as an excuse to bring the Catholics in the North to their knees by torture and terror. He was hardly an attractive personality.

Lastly, the central, underlying theme in the history of this period is theological; yet the author shows little evidence of a real grasp of the theological issues at stake. It is hard to believe that a true picture can be drawn unless these issues are appreciated. Yet one gets the impression that changes in the Prayer Book, doctrines about the Real Presence, etc., are on a par with economic theories.

Yet for all its shortcomings, this is an invaluable book. When the next volume has appeared, material will be at hand for a more personal study of the character and personality of the most vital figure in later sixteenth century English politics.

JOHN GILICK

DIVINITY OF CHRIST

The Problem of Jesus, by Jean Guitton (Burns and Oates 21s).

IN *The Problem of Jesus, A Free Thinker's Diary*, M. Jean Guitton has made an abridgement for English readers of his two volumes, *Le Problème de Jésus et les fondements du témoignage chrétien* and *Le Problème de Jésus: Divinité et Resurrection*. They will be grateful for much stimulus to thought in this book of original design, so well translated by A. Gordon Smith. It is dedicated to the memory of Cardinal Newman, and bears the mark of his thought on doctrinal development. M. Guitton's aim is to conduct simultaneously a dispassionate examination of the facts of Christian origins and of the philosophical presuppositions which underlie their interpretation in certain quarters. In a field where impartial conclusions are impossible he does not disguise his predisposition in favour of the orthodox Christian interpretation, but asserts, with justice it must be admitted, that he has gone as far as any Christian can go in sympathetic understanding of positions opposed to his own. His book traces the progress of an honest free-thinker confronted with the evidence for the Christian religion from a state of open-minded agnosticism to one of acceptance. The literary device by which this development is presented in the first person through the medium of a private journal is somewhat artificial. "Two voices are there. . . ." One is that of the free-thinker, and the other is very clearly that of M. Guitton. Yet the convention serves its purpose well enough in providing an exposition and scrutiny of the a-prioristic critical

method of Renan and his imitators, and of the "mythical" school, today again so popular in its latest German uniform. The need for brevity compels M. Guitton to restrict his discussion to the primary topics of the divinity of Christ and of the Resurrection. Here he finds the intuitive genius of St. Paul and the theological gospel of St. John decisive in hastening the transition from the indirect and virtual doctrine on Christ's divinity in the Synoptics to its general and explicit profession. M. Guitton's handling of the texts is non-technical and necessarily cursory. Of much greater interest is his discussion of philosophical problems connected with the idea of bodily resurrection, and his observations on the apparitions of Christ. In a final chapter there is a brief outline of the development of faith in the Resurrection as it appears in the New Testament documents and in the doctrines of the perpetual Virginity and the bodily Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. This is the least satisfying part of the work. M. Guitton's free-thinker, convinced by now but apparently still imperfectly instructed, speaks of the Logos "possessing" Christ's body "again" at the moment of the Resurrection, as if He had ever been separated from it. It would seem too that the affirmation that early Christian faith in the perpetual Virginity and in the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin were developments of belief in the Resurrection is more categorical than the reasons put forward can justify.

F. COURTNEY

SHORTER NOTICES

The Call of the Cloister, by Peter F. Anson (S.P.C.K. 42s).

THIS BOOK, though written by a Catholic, is intended primarily for Anglicans. It is a dispassionate, factual and comprehensive study of the extraordinary growth of religious orders within the Anglican communion during the past century.

For the thoughtful Catholic reader there is a mixture of joy and sorrow. He cannot but rejoice at the spread of Catholic ideals, a Catholic pattern of piety and devotion and the sanctification of souls within a body which but a few centuries ago ruthlessly destroyed and pillaged monasteries and nunneries as relics of Popish superstition. On the other hand there must be sorrow (mingled with sympathy and prayer) that this wealth of devotion and sanctity should be outside the unity of the Catholic Church, and therefore misdirected and individualist. It is true that no fewer than thirteen communities have submitted corporately to the Holy See, yet over a hundred still flourish in *terra aliena*, and sixty-five are listed as extinct.

Some of the earlier Tractarian foundations showed ludicrous and undisciplined eccentricities. Today there is more stability. Yet despite the increasing tolerance of authority towards "extreme" practices since Bishop Gore drove Caldey (with Mr. Anson) out of the Church of England, it remains true that the largest and most influential of the orders—Cowley, Mirfield and Kelham for instance—are the most Anglican and the least "Latin" in their traditions and devotional pattern.

Certainly the reader of this scholarly book cannot but be impressed at the bounty of God's uncovenanted mercies.

The Woman Within, by Ellen Glasgow (Eyre and Spottiswoode 21s).

UGHT ONE TO HAVE READ a novelist's novels before reading his, or especially her, autobiography? We say at once that we have read none of Miss Glasgow's novels, and her autobiography published by her executors, with her permission, after her death, makes us not at all sure that we want to. True, she feels that a group of five novels "represent, not only the best that was in me, but some of the best work . . . in American fiction," and she agrees with "many critics" that one of them was "a flawless work of its kind." If this is so, we regret having read the present book. It proves that Miss Glasgow could write very charmingly of an already distant Virginia; but this book is, naturally, about herself. She suffered, as she often tells us, from a frail constitution (of which her photographs give no hint), from increasing deafness (against which she fought courageously, though not more so, shall we say, than Beethoven), from a "conditioning" due to her Calvinist father, so that she was always in revolt; and from a sensitiveness so extreme that she was constantly in a state of anguish even when in love. She lived from mood to mood—would become a hermit when her mood was for writing, only to yield to the "impulse to wander." She passed from Plotinus and Spinoza to Locke and Hume; then "when my mood or interest changed, I tossed philosophy into vacancy, and turned to pick up *Candide*. Laughter was left." She travelled to England and Italy, and made many acquaintances of a superficial sort; she even visited La Verna, where the "only Christian since Christ" had found his Christ. Or had he found, instead, "the flight of the alone to the Alone"? Without faith, or any mental discipline, without "roots," or again, without "compass," she could talk so much about "shattered nerves," divided self, and so on, that (perhaps not inexplicably) her eldest sister burnt a shelfful of manuscripts and letters to make room for Red Cross knitting.

The Church of the Word Incarnate: Vol. I: The Apostolic Hierarchy, by Mgr. C. Journet (Sheed and Ward 45s).

IT IS MGR. JOURNET'S INTENTION in this monumental work to give a comprehensive explanation of the Church in terms of the four causes from which she results—efficient, material, formal and final. This first volume, of some five hundred and sixty pages, deals only with the first of these causes. His approach is analytic. He shows that the cause of her efficiency is her jurisdictional authority and power of order. For the theologian and the canonist the distinction between these two ideas is clear and practical. The historian, however, may find it difficult to distinguish them in the usages of the early Church. In the analysis of these two powers, Mgr. Journet displays his strength and, to some extent, his weakness. His pursuit leads him into many and varied problems as he ranges through apologetics, politics, science, the sacraments and canon law. Such a task necessarily involves maintaining balance between brevity and sufficiency. The reader, therefore, is left occasionally with the desire to prolong the debate, possibly about such matters as the priesthood of the laity, the nature of the sacraments, more especially that of matrimony, and the "soul" of the Church. Nevertheless, the treatment of the two powers is excellently handled, the development of the hierarchy, the primacy, infallibility and the marks of the Church exposed clearly and dovetailed adroitly. Faced with such scholarship and clarity, one is in no way anxious even to quibble.

The book, however, is not merely a theological treatise for the professional. It will have a great appeal to the layman, not only because of the lucidity of expression when dealing with the more complicated speculative theology, but for the tremendous spiritual enthusiasm it must arouse in portraying the greatness of the Church to which he belongs.

One or two difficulties arise in the translation of scholastic technicalities, but these cannot detract from a translation which has grasped and communicated the spirit and incisiveness of the author. The text and notes are printed in a classic manner and the binding makes the handling of such a large book not only easy but a real pleasure.

The Poetry of Crabbe, by Lilian Haddakin (Chatto and Windus 12s. 6d).

"ACTUALITY OF RELATION, nudity of description, and poetry without an atmosphere," wrote Arthur Symonds, repeating the poet, "was there ever so just a description, so severe a condemnation, of a great part of the poetry of Crabbe?" Since 1909, when these words were written, Crabbe has come slowly back into favour. This gradual process of restitution, helped by the selections of Professor F. L. Lucas

and Mr. Geoffrey Grigson, the short critical kindnesses of Dr. Leavis and Mr. E. M. Forster, and the fashionable stimulus of Mr. Britten's opera *Peter Grimes*, has at length culminated in Mrs. Haddakin's study—the first book devoted solely to an examination of the poems of Crabbe.

It might have been an interesting approach to follow Crabbe's post-Romantic fortunes, and show how what displeased Arthur Symons is what chiefly recommends us to the poet today. But this is not Mrs. Haddakin's way, which looks back, in locating him, to Pope, the couplet, and the pastoral convention. Relying on the Augustan technique, Crabbe preserved the bucolic subject, dear to eighteenth-century city poets, but presented it realistically instead of in pseudo-Virgilian dress. Not the plenty, but the poverty, of the country labourer was his first theme.

Both Hazlitt and Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh Review* remarked on the likeness of Crabbe's descriptive passages to the effects of Dutch painting; and Mrs. Haddakin has considered at length the poet's treatment of *The Pictorial Element*. In another chapter, on *Order*, she analyses the organisation of character and narrative in Crabbe's tales.

A chapter on "*Poetry without an atmosphere*" makes clear that what Crabbe had in mind was not the antithesis of the tone-poem, but a composition in which the mood and feeling would stem from and circumscribe not the author but his characters. In this phrase, Crabbe was appealing not for a dehydrated, but a disinterested, art.

"He is always the investigator, the collector, and was indeed really a man of science," observed Arthur Symons, not wholly with approval; but in her chapter on *The Experiencing Mind*, Mrs. Haddakin carefully distinguishes between the gatherer of grasses and stones and the poet who *selected* as much as he collected.

Crabbe's clear humble way of going to work is discussed by Mrs. Haddakin in a chapter on *Poetic Aims and Critical Responses*. His prefaces, dedications, and letters reveal how little he was in the dark about the capacities and limits of his talents.

"It is this capacity for 'possessing' the reader's consciousness by his substance without relying upon adventitious aids that is Crabbe's most striking power," concludes Mrs. Haddakin in her study of the poet from which we can learn much, despite a general heaviness of the writing.

We are Utopia, by Stefan Andres, translated from the German by Cyrus Brooke (Gollancz 7s 6d).

THE SCENE of this story is Spain during the Civil war, and must be read as it were with a Spanish mind, for we doubt if its psychology could be found in any other country—and no wonder, for Spain

is unique. An apostate Carmelite friar is taken prisoner by the Reds and brought to his old convent: he is in the charge of an officer who has committed, by order, horrible crimes and foresees yet others. But neither can get rid of his faith. On his side, the ex-friar is determined to escape, even though it means knifing his captor: the officer, guessing his prisoner's priesthood, is desperately resolved to go to confession, for, says he, even an excommunicated priest can absolve a man in imminent danger of death. We do not discuss the theological correctness of this particular absolution nor of the general absolution given later to men unaware they were about to be machine-gunned in the Carmelite refectory. This is neither a tract nor a horror-story; it is terrible enough, but the true Spaniard does not whine for pity because he suffers physically: he would subordinate all that was bodily to ideals and to his Faith, even when he blasphemes it. The "jacket" speaks of the "unmistakable grandeur" of this book—and rightly; but it would do so wrongly if the book showed "man's helplessness in the face of his own passions;" both these tormented consciences end triumphantly, though tragically.

Exploring English Character, by Geoffrey Gorer (The Cresset Press 30s).

THIS BOOK is based upon field research and a questionnaire (comprising sixty-four questions) sponsored by the editor of *The People* and the research department of Odhams Press. In the case of a people so addicted to class divisions, so divided into distinctive compartments of income, education, religion and politics as the English, it is wellnigh impossible to compile anything like a complete survey of the population; nor can this latest enquiry, interesting as it is, be said to do so. The author himself admits that the top 11% are not included. But what percentage of the upper middle class reads *The People*? And, at the other end, how many members of the working class—which, after all, forms the bulk of the population—would be likely to spend three hours filling in an eight-page questionnaire in writing? It would, then, appear that the views herein expressed may be taken to represent those of the better educated lower-middle and upper working-classes. This impression is confirmed by a study of the replies sent in. The English emerge, Mr. Gorer tells us, from this searching ordeal as a good people leading, for the most part, pretty dull lives. Further, he finds that they have a remarkable respect for the marriage-tie, are excellent parents and have a great admiration for the police force. One would like to believe it to be all true. Unfortunately school-teachers, ministers of religion and welfare-workers tell a different story. It is however perhaps unfair to blame Mr. Gorer for failing to do that which he makes no pretence of attempting to do. For this is an exploration, not a complete study. Within these limits, however, the author is to be congratulated

on having produced an entertaining and singularly unbiased picture of what is called the English way of life; an incomplete and therefore possibly somewhat misleading picture, but one nevertheless which is well worth anybody's while to take a good look at.

The Opposing Self, by Lionel Trilling (Secker and Warburg 15s).

IN THIS VOLUME of literary criticism, Professor Trilling is feeling his way, imaginatively and emotionally, from a position of extreme liberalism to one where the truths of orthodoxy, aesthetically, may be comprehended. The measure of his progress can be marked by his reaction to the notion of evil, a sense of which he regards as almost "a touchstone of greatness" in our evaluation of the work of an author. Again, he speaks of how "we may come to assume that evil is equivalent to reality." Sin, in the abstract, he readily accepts; but refuses to draw the traditional conclusion concerning "the sinful nature of man."

In approach, Professor Trilling is broad- and sensitive-minded. His concern is with the sum-total of ideas and sensibility in the writer under review. He looks to find the mode of experience which the words of a poem or a novel suggest, and to consider the applicability of that mode or vision to our present existence. All, save one, of these nine essays deal with nineteenth-century works and figures: with Keats, *Little Dorrit*, *Anna Karenina*, William Dean Howells, James's *The Bostonians*, Wordsworth, *Mansfield Park*, and *Bouvard et Pécuchet*. The exception is his study of George Orwell's *Homage to Catalonia*.

Professor Trilling is a deep astute thinker, still in the process of maturing (as a comparison of this book with his previous collection of essays *The Liberal Imagination* will show). The chief obstacle to his advance is that, too often, his point of reference is fashion rather than custom, and "fashion," as Chesterton remarks, "is simply something that has failed to be a custom."

The Young Worker of To-day: A New Type, by Karl Bednarik, edited by J. P. Mayer and translated by Renée Tupholme (Faber 10s 6d).

DRAWN WITH ORIGINALITY and wit, Karl Bednarik's portrait of the young mid-twentieth-century worker—the New Type, as he calls him—amounts to both a condemnation of the young worker's attitude to contemporary society, and to a truly frightening picture of that society itself, which requires the close attention not only of welfare workers and business executives, but, to use Herr Bednarik's own words, every intellectual, or cultured, man.

Europe's morally degenerate new type of young worker is apparently the offspring of the Welfare State, the tragedy of our time being the fact that, instead of ushering in a well-deserved era of peacefulness

and cultural leisure, the Welfare State has served to deprive the young worker of every previously held ideology, and has compensated him with no aim in life other than the easy acquisition of money.

Herr Bednarik suggests that each one of us should strike up an acquaintance with one young worker, and by sharing with him our knowledge and interests enable him to live a spiritual life. While no remedy is easy, we cannot doubt that in a high proportion of the young of all classes, in this as in every age, there is a latent courage and enterprise, idealism and natural Christianity. Certainly, to do nothing is to ensure that in a few years the present generation will take over from the "humanitarian managerial classes" and become in their place "cynical social technicians." We hope that Herr Bednarik's imaginative grasp of the problems will enable others to appreciate the gravity of the situation, and, if possible, to repair the appalling damage before it is too late.

Seeds of the Desert: The Legacy of Charles de Foucauld, by R. Voillaume, with a Preface by Archbishop Mathew (Burns and Oates 16s).

THE STRANGE LIFE of Charles de Foucauld should be sufficiently known, but its romantic aspect may have obscured the practical side of his career—linguistic, geographic, even mechanical. When he introduced the first motor-car into the heart of the Sahara, this action has caused him to be described as co-operating too closely with the French administration, and all-but identifying the Eldest Daughter of the Church with her Mother. But the Administration was there, and his desire was to help it to act with intelligence and justice towards the Tuaregs with whom he had identified himself. Still less is it realised that he projected the formation of co-operators, the "Little Brothers of Jesus": he drew up two drafts of the form of life he wished to be theirs, but never saw the fulfilment of his dreams. His root-ideas were Poverty, Prayer (especially Eucharistic), and identification with the most unknown and uncared-for. He wished the Brothers to live three or four together, wearing the normal dress of their environment, *being* the people with whom they associated (miners, factory-hands, deep-sea fishermen), not only in Europe (some now live in Indo-China, among South American Indians, in lands of Islamic culture and even in Israel), and ready to adopt non-Latin rites, Coptic, Chaldean and so forth.

The book itself consists of fragments written from time to time by Charles de Foucauld on prayer, poverty, work, etc. Their special value may be due to the fact that his career had been such as to make unrealist pietism impossible in his followers. Still, since his wish was to do without rules so far as possible (such too had been the earliest wish of St. Ignatius), these pages contain ideals rather than regulations, but

expressed with great intensity. The "Little Brother of Jesus" must by self-emptying become "another Christ," only to pour his new self into other men. No mystic writer has ever taught differently, save that here the emphasis is so heavily laid on the apostolate, on actual poverty, and the recognition of our tendency, whether we be lay or clerical, to settle down to a respectable mediocrity. We trust that de Foucauld's followers will not lose their vivacity and originality: meanwhile, this book gives safe yet inspiring doctrine to all of us.

The Eucharistic Words of Jesus, by Joachim Jeremias (Blackwell 18s).

WITH THE PAINSTAKING ERUDITION which we have come to expect of Dr. Jeremias this book, very well translated from the German by Dr. Ehrhardt, sets out to study the various problems connected with the different accounts of the last Supper as we have them in the Gospels and in St. Paul. Having shown that, in spite of objections, the Last Supper was in fact a Passover meal and that the account of it given in the Gospels must be seen as part of the "early and coherent block of tradition" which is essentially common to all four Gospels, Dr. Jeremias then proceeds to a discussion of the words of Institution themselves. Having suggested that the complete absence of these words from St. John is to be seen as part of the *disciplina arcana* which was found necessary by the end of the first century to safeguard the Holy Eucharist from profanation, he then goes on to search for the primitive form of the Institution formula. He believes that this is preserved most completely in the Marcan text, though underlying the different versions there was probably a pre-Markan form.

Whilst we must be grateful to Dr. Jeremias for the thoroughness of his researches, and the completeness with which he has marshalled his evidence, it is not easy to see clearly what precise conclusion he comes to about the inner meaning of the Eucharistic words, but there can be no doubt at all that anyone who wishes to know more about the background of the Institution of the Holy Eucharist will find this a most valuable and stimulating work. It is necessary to make some reservations about the eschatological views of the author, but for practically everything in the book even the most learned of Catholic scholars must be most grateful.

The Flying Bishop: Fifty Years in the Canadian Far North, by Mgr. Gabriel Breynat, O.M.I., translated by A. Gordon Smith (Burns and Oates 21s).

THE ATHABASCA-MACKENZIE Vicariates reach well beyond the Arctic circle. The first Vicar Apostolic of Mackenzie tells his story with a wealth of detail, humour and even a certain *naïveté*: possibly

men called to endure such extreme hardship and appalling disillusionments and to receive in compensation such sudden rewards of grace, must be simple by nature. Mgr. Breynat relied entirely on St. Joseph, who responded characteristically. It is good to know that already in 1892 the Iroquois language was allowed for liturgical functions and "hundreds of vibrant voices" immediately answered his "Deus in adiutorium" which he boldly sang at Vespers in that language, and thereafter all participated in his Sung Masses, even when he reached the Land of the Caribou-Eaters where he became called "the New Little Praying-Man." He knew four Popes and found Pius XI as well-informed about diesel engines as about the privileges the "Flying Bishop" would probably require. The book is as full of adventure as any schoolboy could desire, sometimes ghastly, sometimes merely grotesque; but this record of contemporary heroism exalts us even when it humiliates us.

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